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MONTREAL.—THE INTERNATIONAL FOOT-BALL MATCH, HARVARD vs. McGILL.—By G. GASCARD.

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THE NEW STORY.

We beg to announce that we have arranged with Mr.

WILKIE COLLINS

for the exclusive right to publish, in serial form, a New Story he has just written, entitled

"THE LAW AND THE LADY."

This story is not only worthy of Mr. Collins' great reputation, but is stated to be the best he has written. Our readers may therefore expect a rare treat from its perusal in our columns.

In our next number a large instalment of this story, with appropriate illustrations, will appear in the form of a Supplement.

NOTICE TO NEWS DEALERS.

We beg to call the attention of News Dealers throughout the country to the fact that we have secured the sole right for Canada of publishing Wilkie Collins's new story, "The Law and the Lady," in serial form.

Owing to the fact of Victor Hugo's "Ninety Three" being yet uncompleted, it has been thought advisable to postpone the commencement of the above until our first number in November, when the NEWS will appear with many additions and improvements. We feel sure that the varied attractions we shall then be able to present to our readers will fully compensate for any disappointment that may have been caused by the postponement of our new serial. In the issue of the 7th November a more than usually large instalment of the same will be given.

NOTICE.

We desire to inform our readers that application has been made for letters patent incorporating a new Lithographic Printing and Publishing Company, into whose hands will pass, after incorporation, the whole of the Publishing, Lithographic, and Printing business hitherto carried on by George E. Desbarats, and the Engraving and Lithographic Printing business of Messrs. Burland, Lafricain, and Co., an amalgamation of the two houses being about to be effected. The new Company—which will be known as the Burland Desbarats Company—will be in working order on or about the first of November next. Upon the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS the Management intend to concentrate their efforts so that, on its becoming the property of the Company a manifest improvement shall be developed in its every department. On and after the date mentioned the Management purpose to present the country with a Pictorial Paper of which it may, on every score, be proud.

The artistic staff will be increased and remodelled, and every detail of the illustrations carefully followed and supervised, so that the Pictorial pages of the NEWS shall be steadily and progressively good, and shall vie with and eclipse, if possible, its American and English contemporaries.

Portraits of prominent men, events of general and local interest, notable public edifices, interesting scenery, mercantile and manufacturing houses, will be illustrated by able artists. Politics of every shade, society in its various phases, will furnish subjects for humourous cartoons, where the sharp edge of satire shall be made to do good service. Works of art will be reproduced from time to time, and always in the best style known to modern skill.

In its letter-press pages the NEWS will be essentially a family and literary paper. It will be made a necessity to the fireside of every Canadian home. The ladies, the children, the weary paterfamilias, all will find recreation and instruction in its columns. The stories and novels published will be by the best writers of the day. The selections, carefully made, avoiding everything that may offend the most sensitive conscience or the most fastidious taste. In politics its character will be perfect independence, and it will entirely avoid all approach to personalities or partizanship. It will likewise eschew all religious discussion, and all comments or remarks that might annoy any sect or congregation, leaving to each the entire liberty of its worship, and giving to each credit for entire good faith.

The Management claim that, with this programme for its guidance, it deserves the liberal support of all Canadians, and trust that strict attention to the details of its business will prevent any unpleasantness ever interfering between its patrons and the success of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCT. 31, 1874.

THE ELECTORAL LAW.

When the first cases of contested election were tried about two months ago, we ventured to point out what we considered a weak point in the operation of the law. We stated that, as the object was to ferret out corruption, it was hardly advisable, at least in prominent cases, that the respondent should be allowed to withdraw from the investigation as soon as one instance of bribery was brought home to him or his agents. As every election is a matter of public concern, even more than of private or personal interest, it seems clear that the whole truth about every one of them should be revealed. Our remarks on this head have been endorsed in several quarters and supplemented by one or two observations which we regard as equally important with our own.

There is no doubt that the law is far reaching in its inquiries and inexorable in its logical sequences. Any man, whether an accredited agent or not, who spends money unlawfully in the service of a candidate, makes himself responsible for the annulling of the election. It does not matter whether the candidate knows anything about the transaction or not. Even if he should know of it and condemn it, that would be no palliation. So far, there is no fault to find with the law. But the event has proven that it should be hedged in by additional provisions. Human nature being what we all know it to be, and the franchise being always liable to abuse, there is probably not a single election held throughout the Dominion which would not be voided by this law if brought up for contestation. Any sharp, unscrupulous partisan, seeing the election going against his party, can cross into the enemies' ranks, bribe an elector to vote for his adversary, and thus make sure of securing his deposition before the courts. The ballot may possibly diminish such chances of intrigue, but your electoral wire-puller is of that shrewd class whom hardly any precaution can baulk. In view of these facts, it has been suggested, and we believe with reason, that the unseating of the member is not sufficient punishment for such cases of corruption. The bribers themselves should be held responsible. According to the present reading of the law, the judge is instructed to send in to Parliament the names of such canvassers and agents as have been found guilty of bribery. The punishment is plainly insufficient. These men should meet with palpable chastisement. They should be fined or imprisoned according to the gravity of their offence. It is they who are to blame for the inconvenience, annoyance and expenses of the trial. It is their fault if a respectable member of Parliament is deprived of the honour of his seat. They are responsible for the trouble and cost to the country of a second election. It is therefore only right that they should pay a penalty commensurate with their guilt. Perhaps no more efficacious cure for bribery could be imagined than the punishment which we advocate. Let the ward runners, the vote jumpers, the pot-house politicians, understand that they will be fined or imprisoned if caught in the act of purchasing votes by any of the indirect means of which they have the secret, and we shall soon see them keep aloof from meddling and intrigue. In that case, too, the bar-room drinking, the cab-driving, the idle assemblages in front of polling booths, will also disappear, and the outlay of each candidate will be strictly confined to printing and hall rent.

It is intended at the next session of the Quebec Legislature to introduce an election law. The Cabinet are attentively watching the operations of the present law with the view of improving upon it, if possible. We, therefore, respectfully submit these considerations to them, in the confidence that they will see their way towards embodying them in their improved scheme. Of course it were visionary to expect total freedom from corruption at elections. No law which human ingenuity can devise will prevent certain men from being venal. But much as the present legislation has done, it is plain that more is asked for, and we trust that at Ottawa the measure will be revised and strengthened. Public sentiment has been singularly favourable to the crusade against bribery, and is prepared to encourage still further steps in the same direction. The lesson taught within the past few months is bound to be fruitful in good results, and it is the bounden duty of the leaders of the people to give that lesson all proper force and significance.

FEDERATION AND CENTRALIZATION.

Quietly and gradually, yet most positively, the question of organic constitutional change is looming up in Canada. Our present system is a federation, or union of separate, independent Provinces, under a general government of limited powers. There are several thinkers and speakers who desire to alter this into a legislative union, or central government, which shall absorb the autonomy of the provinces. Considering that the present federal system has been in operation only seven years, any transformation must appear *prima facie* as premature and therefore inopportune; but the fact that the transformation is already mooted, is highly suggestive of the importance of the problem. It acquires additional importance from the circumstance that, in the United States, a precisely similar modification is being discussed by several of the leading minds in the press and on the rostrum. Being on a much larger scale, and involving the experiences of just one hundred years of democratic government, as well as the results of a tremendous civil war, the question in the United States is fraught with useful instruction to ourselves, and is, therefore, altogether worthy of a moment's study.

When the American Constitution was adopted in 1789, two parties were in presence—the Federal and the Republican. The former, led by HAMILTOM, advocated a central uniform system. The latter, headed by JEFFERSON, demanded a federal government with delegated powers. After a brief struggle, HAMILTON was overborne by JEFFERSON, and the sage of Monticello, in eight years of Presidency, had full opportunity to establish his ideas firmly in the minds of the American people. State sovereignty became the watchword of the Republicans, who were thenceforward known as Jeffersonian Democrats, and who ruled the country almost continuously for sixty years, from the end of John ADAMS' term to the close of BUCHANAN'S administration. Then came the war. What neither the pen of the journalist, nor the tongue of the politician had been able to decide, was hopelessly abandoned to the dread arbitrament of the sword. Whatever may have been the result of that stupendous conflict, this much is certain that it gave the death blow to State sovereignty. Nullification and secession were the logical outcome of Jeffersonian federalism, and when these were crushed by the bombs of Petersburgh, or buried beneath the ashes of Atlanta, federalism lay stark dead and centralization rose on triumphant wings to rule in its place. However Americans may strive to deceive themselves, the United States, since the war, are not and will never be what they were before. There lies buried beneath the trenches of Richmond more than the flesh and bone of heroic soldiers in gray and blue. Whoso would convince himself of the change need only look at the distracted South, still groaning under military rule. Nay, he should look at the North itself and view the startling change which has taken place in the last decade since the war. Railway monopoly, mining combinations, land rings, grain corners, banking corporations, the increase of transportation facilities, the zigzag anomalies of credit, have worked their effect not only on commerce, society and morals, but on politics and government as well. The question is now put down in black and white—centralization or anarchy. American journalists have always proclaimed the failure of the French and Spanish republics because they were central and not federal. Federalism they have held up as the only efficient barrier against monocracy. What if they must eat their own words now and apply to themselves precisely the same lessons which they have given to others? And what if Canada should follow in the wake of her great neighbour? The motto on the American shield is *Epluribus Unum*, to signify that the federal government derived its powers, definite and limited, from the several independent States. That is now pronounced a failure and a mistake. Sir GEO. CARTIER wished to reverse the Canadian motto, and make it *Ex uno plures*, to indicate

that the powers of the several and separate provinces were granted by a supreme head—the crown. Should that be pronounced impracticable, then the double form of federalism adopted on this continent would have to yield to centralism. This subject is more important to Canadians than appears at first blush. The charge referred to as advocated by several leading men in our midst would naturally lead us through the transitional period of independence, when it would become our duty to choose between a monarchy or a centralized republic. In practice is there really any difference between them?

HONOURS FOR THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

A recent number of the *Canada Medical and Surgical Journal* contains a communication from a medical correspondent on the subject of the bestowal of Imperial honours upon a distinguished member of the profession in Canada. In commenting upon this suggestion, the editor of the *Journal* expresses his belief that such a course would be most acceptable to the profession throughout the country and that the honour could not be more worthily bestowed than on Dr. G. W. Campbell, the venerable Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at McGill University.

It is difficult to see what objection could be raised to the suggestion *per se*. Imperial honours have been scattered among us Canadians with no illiberal hand. Statesmen, soldiers, jurists, and merchants have each had their share in the gifts of the Crown, and there certainly can be no valid reason why the members of the medical profession should be excluded from participation in the same. Their labours have been as arduous as these of the classes mentioned, and the benefits they have bestowed and are bestowing upon their fellow-men are at least as great as those secured to us by the exertions of our politicians, lawyers, merchants and soldiers. In England, precedents for a course such as suggested are numerous. For over two hundred years it has been customary to confer honours, frequently hereditary honours, upon eminent medical men. If this is done in England, why not in Canada, which is part and parcel of the Empire. Why in this country alone should the gifts of the Crown be attainable by members of the professions enumerated and placed beyond the reach of members of the medical profession? We believe it will be generally admitted that the question is one which does not readily admit of a satisfactory answer; and that the common verdict will be in favour of the suggestion made by the *Journal's* correspondent.

It is doubtful, however, whether the selection of the candidate for the proposed honours will give such universal satisfaction. We are fully aware that much jealousy exists between the various medical schools in the Dominion, and we cannot disguise the fact that this jealousy will be by no means diminished by the selection of the Dean of the Medical Faculty of McGill as the recipient of special distinction. The subject is a delicate one to handle without giving offence, and we greatly fear that offence will be, if it has not already been, taken. But let it fully be understood that such offence would be caused, not by the fact of the choice falling upon Dr. Campbell, who is everywhere respected and esteemed as one of the brightest ornaments of the profession, but by the singling out of McGill University, while the other medical schools are left out in the cold. On this score we fear objection will be taken; and the only answer that can be made to the malcontents will be that the McGill Faculty being fortunate enough to have at its head the man most worthy of the honour, to that man must fall the prize and to McGill the honour.

For ourselves we believe the selection of Dr. Campbell to be the best that could possibly have been made. As the editor of the *Medical Journal* shows, his claims are weighty and numerous. "He has steadily persevered in the practice of his profession during a period of nearly half a century, during the greater part of which time he has been identified as the Surgeon of the Metropolitan centre. Having been appointed to the chair of surgery in the McGill University in 1834 or 5, Dr. Campbell may be looked upon as almost the father, so to speak, of surgery in Canada. But not only has he earned for himself, deservedly, a high reputation as a surgeon of practical skill and mature judgment in this his adopted country, but his reputation has spread far and wide, so that his name is familiar in the neighbouring Republic, in Great Britain, and on the continent of Europe. Another fact which would make the man a worthy recipient of such an honour is, that mainly through his influence has medical education in Canada been elevated to its present high standard, so that it is admitted that the medical graduates of McGill University are among the best educated men in their profession on this side of the Atlantic. We speak of what we know full well, as in a recent visit to Old England we felt an honest pride in learning from those whose opinion is worth receiving, that of all Canadian students those hailing from McGill University were among the best-grounded men in their profession. Again, we may state in reference to Dr. Campbell, that in times past, whenever the Government of the country sought counsel or advice in consequence of epidemic disaster, he, as holding a prominent position, has been selected for that work. In 1847 he was one of the commissioners appointed, under Imperial warrant, to carry out the relief which was extended to the emigrants who flocked to our shores in immense numbers that year, and who brought typhus fever of a most virulent and fatal type, following close on the footsteps of famine, the result of the failure of the potato crop in Ireland."

THE HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

There is but little home news to report this week. The principal event of the last few days is the termination of the Lepine trial, which has resulted in a verdict of "Guilty," accompanied by a recommendation to mercy. The election trials are still going on, and since the date of our last record two members have been unseated. These are Mr. F. Mackenzie in Montreal West, and the Hon. Henry Aylmer in Richmond and Wolfe. The elections to fill the seats voided by the decisions of the Electoral Courts have commenced, and as yet have resulted in the return of the unseated members. At Cornwall Mr. A. F. Macdonald was elected by a majority of forty; and Mr. McGregor has been returned by a majority of one thousand. The Digby election has resulted in the return of the Minister of Militia, Hon. Mr. Vail, with nearly three hundred majority; but it is stated that a protest will be made against the election on the ground that in one district, in which are one hundred votes, no poll was held. There is some talk at Ottawa of a reduction in the force of the Manitoba Mounted Police, and even of its possible disbandment.

In the United States a temporary lull has taken place in the election excitement. The third term question is attracting the usual amount of attention. The President is as reticent as ever upon the subject, and his friends very sensibly remark that as the question has not come before him in a form requiring a reply, any utterance he might have made on the subject would not only be gratuitous and intrusive, but contrary to usage. At a recent Republican meeting in New York, Governor Dix emphatically declared himself to be opposed to the third term. Some excitement has been occasioned in Louisiana by a report that some sixty merchants of Shreveport were to be arrested under the Enforcement Act, charged with intimidating negro voters.

The English papers are loudly demanding summary justice upon Nana Sahib, who is reported as having been captured in Gwalior. Doubts are, however, freely expressed in India as to the identity of the man, as his appearance is too youthful, and the surgeon who was at Cawnpore at the time of the revolt has failed to recognise him. Much damage has been done on the north coast of England by a heavy gale, by which the shipping has suffered severely.

The political situation in France remains in *statu quo*. The feeling of the country is pretty fairly shadowed forth by the result of the elections in the Councils General. Thus far eighty-one of these bodies have chosen their presidents; and of the number fifty-two are Conservatives and twenty-nine Republicans—showing a Conservative gain of twenty-three. Prince Charles Bonaparte, son of the Prince of Canino, has been elected President of the Council General of Corsica. It would seem that the Legitimists are contemplating another effort, as a despatch states that they are strongly urging the Count de Chambord to return to France. A blow has been aimed at the Imperial cause by no less a person than Prince Jerome Napoleon, the Louis Egalité of Bonapartism, who has issued a political programme in the form of a letter censuring the reactionary and clerical policy of the Imperialist party. A story has got abroad to the effect that the Governmrnt of France has confidently informed the Czar's Government of its readiness, upon certain conditions, to support Russia on the Eastern question; this, however, the *Nord* newspaper emphatically denies.

The Von Arnim affair seems to have resolved itself into a trial of strength and influence between Prince von Bismarck and the family of the prisoner. The supreme tribunal has confirmed the decision of the lower court rejecting the Count's appeal for release, and it is expected that the public trial will begin early in December. In the meantime much sympathy is felt for the prisoner on account of the harshness with which he is treated, and the rigour of the domiciliary searches; and it is even stated that the ultramontane members of the Reichstag have resolved to question Bismarck concerning his treatment of the accused. A judge has been sent to Paris for the purpose of making a preliminary enquiry into the case. It is proposed to establish a representative assembly for Alsace and Lorraine, the duty of which it will be to advise the Imperial Government on all subjects of local legislation, and to examine the budget for the provinces.

The news from Spain is as uncertain as usual. It would seem, however, that the stories circulated as to the disruption and falling off among the Carlist forces have been grossly exaggerated. It will be well, therefore, to accept with caution all such reports in the future. The Madrid *Correspondencia* states that Don Alphonso, with four hundred followers, has crossed the Ebro, having abandoned the cause of Don Carlos, and intends to return to France. It is certain that Don Alphonso has been replaced by Gen. Rhoda in the command of the central army, so there may be some grounds for the statement. It is more difficult to believe the story circulated by the New York *Herald* to the effect that the Madrid Government has sent five million dollars for distribution among the Carlist chiefs, in hope of thus precipitating peace and bringing the war to a close. A Madrid despatch says that the Republicans have completed the work of fortifying the line of the Ebro, and an active movement against the Carlists is expected to begin immediately. Another despatch, from London, says that the Spanish Ambassador at St. James's recently made representations to Lord Derby that the supplies of arms and other materials of war manufactured in England were frequently shipped for the Carlists, and requested that vigilance be exercised by the British authorities to prevent such violence. To this Lord Derby sharply replied that an indefinite continuance of war in Spain showed lack of patriotism and energy, and if the Spanish navy was vigilant the landing of arms for the Carlists would be impossible.

From Italy we learn that General Garibaldi has accepted the nomination as candidate for Parliament from Rome, on the understanding that he is to attend the chamber only when he thinks his presence necessary.

There is no change in the condition of affairs between Japan and China. The highest patriotic spirit is exhibited throughout the former country. The nobles have offered a large portion of their revenues to the government, the populace are forming into volunteer regiments, and the mercantile classes have expressed a desire to serve both by contributions and in the field if war is declared.

Advices from Buenos Ayres indicate but little alteration in the position of parties. The main body of the rebels, under command of General Mitre, are still encamped outside the city, and both parties refrain from making an aggressive movement.

The third-term bugbear may be said to have been disposed of. It will be remembered that there is no written law in the Constitution of the United States, prohibiting a President from holding office indefinitely, if duly elected by the people. But custom from the days of Washington has made it a rule that no President should occupy the White-House beyond a second term. General Jackson could easily have been reelected, after his eight years' incumbency, in 1837, but he would never entertain the idea, and his example seemed to have set the seal on the expressed desire of Washington. In the case of General Grant, however, there was a wide-spread attempt to break through this rule. Almost all the papers thundered against it as a practical usurpation, but their language betrayed their fears, and proved the existence of the feeling. Strange to say, the South was in favor of it, and the reason given is that it preferred another term of Grant to the advent of a new President who might perhaps inaugurate another system of reconstruction and imbroilment. Stranger still, General Grant has never opened his lips on the subject, although one word from him would have set the question at rest, and quieted the excitement which has unnecessarily disturbed the country during the past six months. At length, however, the people themselves have raised their great voice. The October elections have shown indisputably what the popular sentiment is. The Democratic triumphs in Indiana and Ohio arousing the fear of the Repulicans, have forced them to come forward and repudiate the third term doctrine. The principal standard bearer in New York, Governor Dix, after maintaining silence since his renomination a few weeks ago, has now openly stated that he is opposed to the third term. He recently proposed an amendment to the Constitution, extending the President's term to six years, and making him ineligible in the next six, and until this amendment is adopted, he declares himself in favour of a rule which had its origin in the patriotic heart of Washington, was held sacred by his successor for three quarters of a century, and has acquired from practice a force as potential as if engrafted in the Constitution. The stand of Governor Dix may be regarded as decisive of the action of the whole Republican party on the subject.

GERMANY.—DEPARTURE OF EMIGRANTS FROM HAMBURG.

A DOG-FANCIER'S COLLECTION.

MINNIE'S DOWRY.

"No, mister, no, I won't go back from my word. The gir[l] fancies you, and you did me a good turn onst, I own that; and Jonathan Fairlop's not the man to forget how, but for you, his scalp would be swinging on the lodge-pole of some pesky Indian's wigwam. But there air two sides, Britisher, to a bargain, and I've the right, I guess, to tack a condition to what you call my consent. I'll not see Minnie married to a beggar; no, nor yet deal onfairly with my other children, that I may provide for her start in life. This I say, and this, Frank Meade, I'll hold to. If you kin clap down twenty thousand dollars on that table, say a year hence, day for day, I'll double them, and you and Minnie shall be man and wife. But if not, why, neighbour, you'll just consider the swap has fallen through, and make way for those that kin maintain a household in a kinder different fashion from what you could contrive at Burnt Flat, I reckon." And the obstinate old farmer brought down his heavy hand, with a sounding slap, on the massive table of black walnut wood, and stared me in the face with somewhat of the dull, half-menacing expression which we note in the eyes of an angry bull. He was one of those dogged, self-willed men who pride themselves on a cast-iron consistency of purpose, and well I knew that even poor Minnie's tearful gaze and beseeching look, far less any remonstrance of mine, would have no effect in modifying his resolution.

It was with a heavy heart that I rode back to my poor little farm at Burnt Flat, and a sigh, in which envy had no share, escaped me as I involuntarily contrasted my few maize fields and sparely stocked yard with the well-stored pens and corrals crowded with cattle and horses, of the opulent neighbour, for the hand of whose youngest daughter I was a suitor. I was perfectly well aware of Mr. Fairlop's covert meaning, when he had hinted at my making way for another and a wealthier admirer of Minnie's. She had attracted, unfortunately, the notice of a middle-aged speculator in mining property, one Mr. Lloyd, a native of Pennsylvania I believe, but a resident in the little town of Pueblo, not far from the Goochatope Pass over the Rocky Mountains, on the south-western slope of which stood my own humble dwelling, and the much roomier house of Minnie's father. Old Jonathan Fairlop was a not unusual type of the Western borderer. He had come from Kentucky, as he boasted, a poor man, and after a struggling career on the frontier, during which his wife and only son had been murdered by the Indians, had become rich by the gainful traffic in hogs and horned beasts, great quantities of which he reared for the supply of the hungry miners of Pike's Peak. The service of which Mr. Fairlop spoke had simply been that chance had placed it in my power to save his life in a border raid when a roving band of the Blackfeet had swooped upon a waggon convoy west of the mountains. There was hard fighting, and the old farmer, who was unhorsed and prostrate, with a brace of tomahawks brandished above his defenceless head, had given himself up for lost, when three shots from my six-chambered revolver had turned the scale. In the first warmth of his gratitude Mr. Fairlop had readily agreed to regard me as his future son-in-law.

Gratitude, I am sorry to say, has a tendency to grow cool after a time, and just then, while everything had prospered with the wealthy American settler, a steady and consistent run of ill-luck threatened to overwhelm his English neighbour. My cattle strayed; a promising crop of young wheat and another of maize were devoured by the locusts from the alkaline deserts to the westward; of ninety choice merino sheep procured at much cost from the Atlantic seaboard, two-thirds were, through the carelessness of their mulatto shepherd, drowned by a freshet of the river near which they grazed. As a crowning calamity, a marauding party of the Crow tribe carried off my horses, on the sale of which I had in great measure relied for the means of extending my narrow domains, and I found myself an impoverished man, in spite of hard work and much self-denial, poorer by far than on the day when, with fifteen hundred pounds, my poor grandmother's legacy, in my pocket, I had landed on the quays of New York to exchange the position of a briefless barrister, with chambers in Harecourt, Temple, for that of a farmer among the thinly-peopled regions of the Far West.

The misfortunes which had befallen me were simply such as are habitual to the pioneers of civilization, in the half-tamed lands that lie near the spurs of the gigantic mountain barrier that intersects North America, but I had had, as my neighbours in general were not slow to acknowledge, "a bad time" of it, in coming in for nearly every mishap, short of being scalped or having the roof tree burned over my head, frequent on the frontier. The rough, hardy fellows really sympathized with the young Britisher, knowing as they did that I had done my best, by thrift and toil, to earn a competence by every method known to Western agriculture. Mr. Fairlop, however, who had from the first derided my efforts as an improver, now proved himself a true Job's comforter in the hour of adversity. "Stick to hog and horn," he would say; "a good head of cattle and lots of live pork, with corn-cobs enough to put flesh on the beasts, are worth all your new-fangled nonsense ten times over, my chap. Your wheat, and your vines, and your soft-wools, might be all very well in California, but rough-and-ready is the watchword here, as you'll larn to your cost, I expect.' And he favoured the suit of Hiram Lloyd, although Minnie could never be brought to regard otherwise than with repugnance the shifty eyes, hooked nose, and grizzled locks of the well-to-do pretender to her hand. Minnie was herself a gentle girl, voted on all hands to be unusually pretty, even for the wild West, where good looks are by no means a rarity, but neither so robust in health nor so resolute in disposition as were her two sisters, either of whom could back an unbroken horse, handle a rifle, or enforce discipline among a legion of semi-savage swine, with any maidens on the frontier. They were wont jestingly to declare that Minnie was a "city lady," and ought to have been reared in New York, not in the midst of the rugged freedom and coarse plenty of the Indian border.

That Minnie loved me I was well aware. Her own dear lips had shyly whispered the assurance of her affection over and over again, in answer to a lover's coaxing persistency; and, apart from that timid confession, I should have been blind could I not have seen the brightening of her dark-blue eyes, the sudden change of colour as the unbidden blush suffused her pale cheek, when I entered the Fairlop dwelling. She was usually silent and reserved, but with me she could talk, setting free the girlish fancies, the dainty little thoughts which would have met with scanty appreciation in her own narrow home circle. She was, indeed, better educated, fonder of reading and reverie, incomparably more refined than her blunt-spoken, honest sisters, who were, to do them justice, very fond and proud of the slender little fairy, whose delicacy of aspect and address contrasted with their own vigorous exuberance of life. Old Fairlop, a widower these six years past, considered his youngest child as a poor helpless creature, unfit to battle with the world, and thought it would be the truest kindness to provide for her by uniting her to a "warm" husband. And of Hiram Lloyd's warmth, in a pecuniary sense, there could be no doubt.

Twenty thousand dollars! Where, within a year, could I hope to lay hands on so imposing an amount of cash? Little beyond a bare maintenance could be looked for from the produce of my farm, now that sheep-fold, horse-corral, and cattle-pen had been depleted of their four-footed tenants. The few fowls and pigs, the maize-fields and the garden that the locusts had left uninjured, the tobacco and the madder, would ensure a livelihood for myself and the hired servants, white and black. But as for making a fortune by my bucolical skill, that dream for the present was at an end. Yet a fortune—four thousand pounds sterling—I must make before the year was out, or bid adieu to the hopes of hailing charming Minnie as my wife. Mr. Fairlop was one of those stubborn men in whose dull eyes mercy is a weakness and relenting a foible. He might not absolutely compel Minnie to marry Hiram Lloyd, but of a surety he would take means effectually to prevent any further intercourse between his daughter and myself. Yes, I must become the possessor, within twelve months, of twenty thousand dollars, or for ever forfeit the hope of calling Minnie mine! Yet how, without anticipating a miracle to be worked on my behalf, could I expect to become the owner of such a lump of solid coin? America is the traditional El Dorado of the speculator, the land where fortunes grow and dwindle like the gourd of the prophet Jonah; and hence, perhaps, I felt less despondent than I might have done had I been at home in England.

But I had had too much experience of the country of my adoption to believe that wealth or competence can be suddenly and easily acquired on the western side of the Atlantic. For commercial success I was without the ladder wherewith to climb. Politically I was a stranger in the land. One way, and one alone, seemed practicable. One ringing, tempting word, sounded in my ears as I lay asleep. And that word was—gold. Close by, among the sierras, for hundreds and thousands of miles to west and south, to north and east, gold and silver were to be had for the gathering, for those whose luck or skill guided them aright. I had talked with too many miners not to know the dark as well as the bright side of the gold seeker's venturesome life—the chill of disappointment, the broken health, the destitution, that were the meed of many an adventurer who began, high of heart and strong of hand. It was a lottery, with a terrible percentage of blanks. Hunger, fever, flood, and the risks from white outlaws and red-skinned robbers, levied, as I knew, heavy toll on the volunteer army of diggers. But if there were many blanks, there were some prizes, dazzling, superb baits that drew after them the minds of the covetous, and peopled Rush after Rush, in the effort to grow rich by a fortunate find. I had spoken with men who in a day had been lifted from poverty to opulence, and had heard them describe the fierce joy, the half incredulous exultation of that triumphant hour. Hitherto I had resisted the allurements of the gold digger's calling, but it had occurred to me, more than once, to traverse the hills in company with professional prospectors, men whose restless lives were passed in the quest for buried treasure, and who, as we rode along, had pointed out sundry spots as all but certain to harbour the precious metals. Now I was not, naturally, of a speculative turn of mind, and it took the collapse of my modest scheme of acquiring a substantial income by agriculture, coupled with Jonathan Fairlop's declaration that his daughter's bridegroom must be prepared with twenty thousand dollars on the wedding day, to induce me to turn my back on the regular industry of a farmer's life, and to cast in my lot with that of the toiling thousands, who strive to wrest from the stony wilderness its hidden riches. I set to work, then, manfully, having no common inducement to sustain my energies, and being young, strong, and inured to the labours which await the settler in the backwoods, and having withal a retentive memory for the hints and warnings which my mining acquaintances had let drop, I met with greater success than often accrues to a beginner. Within fifteen miles of my home at Burnt Flat was a partially explored region of ravines and gullies, whence both gold and silver had been collected in considerable quantities, until fashion, as potent in those wild regions as in Belgravia, had drawn off the diggers and delvers to newer gulches and placers.

With the aid of my hired hands I built a dam across a mountain stream, never yet known to run dry in the sultry season, set up cradle, sieves, and the other rude plant of the adventurer, and erected a shanty of bark and pine saplings to serve as a shelter by night. This done, I sent back my men to the farm, and applied myself seriously to the almost hopeless enterprise. Not that my hard exertions—and I worked very hard—were unrewarded. The daily yield of gold-dust washed from the sands of the river was rarely less than of one, occasionally of three, four, or five ounces. Twice, among the broken quartz stones of a reef, I came upon a pocket of nuggets, the net value of which amounted to several hundred dollars, and often, when seeking for gold, I met with unexpected lumps of virgin silver, well worth the gleaning. But all this did not go smooth with me, in spite of these happy accidents. My dam was breached by a sudden flood, and it cost me nineteen days to repair the damage, which the turbid water had done between sunset and moonrise. I rank two shafts, and never extracted from either of them as much gold as would make a lady's wedding ring. Twice I heard a panther snarling and whining around my door of tough bark, and another time I ran some risk of being robbed and maltreated, if not murdered, by a party of Indian prowlers who infested my lonely station, begging, bragging, and threatening alternately, until I drove them off with my rifle. I made some money, however, and on my occasional visits to the township in search of provisions, was warmly greeted by my well-wishers, and much encouraged by Minnie, who had the spice of romance in her nature which is seldom, I think, lacking in that of a woman, and who was at first very confident and sanguine as to her true lover's speedy and complete success. There were croakers, however, who shook their heads, and pithily remarked that twenty thousand dollars could not, like pea-nuts or cloud berries, be picked up everywhere.

The prophets of evil, in the long-run, seemed likely to approve themselves accurate, for month after month slipped by; autumn gave place to winter, winter to spring, and I was very far from my goal. Mr. Fairlop began to give ominous hints that the day of grace was almost spent, and Hiram Lloyd's hateful shadow frequently darkened the door of the rich settler; while Minnie, who had learned to look on my undertaking as all but hopeless, grew pale and thin, and there was at times a weird, wan glance in her dear eyes, a hectic crimson on her pale cheek, which boded no good. Even old Fairlop saw it, and gruffly told me that his daughter was "fretting herself ill," and uselessly. Still, he would not relent, neither would I desist, so long as strength was spared to me, from toils that every day grew more unremitting. At last I acknowledged to myself that the task was a sheer impossibility.

I had but a short week or two left out of my year of probation, and little more than one-third of the large sum was forthcoming. The rest lay hidden in the rugged depths of the sierra. Yet, despairingly, half mechanically, I laboured on, deadening thought by downright bodily exhaustion, and adding, every day, to the shining heap that lay buried beneath the rude hearth of my hovel. It was now some time since I had visited either Burnt Flat or Fairlop's Clearing. The torrents were full of melted snows, and the bridle road difficult, while I was averse to discontinue my toil, even for a few hours. But three days remained to me, and, unless in that brief space some extraordinary stroke of good fortune should befal me, farewell to all my bright day-dreams of a happy life with Minnie.

I had laid myself down to sleep, worn out with toil and care, and slept soundly, wrapped in the buffalo robe that did duty for a bed, my head pillowed on my saddle, and my weapons, rifle and revolver, by my side. I was awakened, abruptly, by the sound of my own name, so it seemed to me, uttered by a female voice, unlikely as was such a contingency in that remote nook. For a moment I thought that the sighing of the wind, or the scream of a bird of prey, perched on the cliffs above, had deceived my sleeping ear, but no! It was a woman's voice, calling on, "Frank—Frank," and I hastily started up, and opening the door of the hut, beheld in the silvery moonlight the outlines of a female form. Hurrying up, I saw with infinite surprise that it was Minnie herself who stood before me. She looked strangely pale, but very beautiful; her dark hair, no doubt loosened in the rough and rapid ride, hung loose about her shoulders, and her manner was singularly earnest and excited for one usually so gentle and meek.

"This is no time for sleep!" she said, eagerly; "Up, up, and be doing, before the precious hours are gone. Take what you need for digging, and come with me, my own! I have ridden fast and far to guide you to where it awaits you."

"What, Minnie?" I asked, much perplexed by her words and manner.

"Gold!" she replied, with a quivering emphasis. "Much gold! your fortune, love, and my dowry. I will be your guide."

"You, darling," I answered, trying to take her hand; "You are ill, I fear, or in distress,———" She interrupted me at once, shrinking back, at the same time, so as to avoid my touch.

"Frank," she said, with passionate, pleading earnestness; "let me have my way in this. You'll never repent it, believe me. Do Minnie Fairlop's bidding, without remonstrance, without question, for this once. Come, come, why are you so sluggish?"

Puzzled by Minnie's vehement energy of address, so utterly new to me, I thought it best to humour her, and accordingly fetched from my hut the pick, shovel, crowbar, and lighted lantern, saying, with a smile, that I was now ready, like a true knight, to obey my lady's behest.

At the same time I looked around, wonderingly, for her horse. I remembered, however, that she might probably have secured the bridle to a tree in the thicket within easy rifle shot, and made up my mind not to vex her by idle queries. With a wave of her white hand she signed to me to follow, and set forth, at a rapid pace, towards the frowning gorge of the Sasquèwash torrent, threading her way, without hesitation, among boulders and tangled brushwood, until, in a narrow and gloomy ravine, she halted before a black stone that bore some fanciful resemblance to a pulpit.

"Here! dig here!" she said eagerly; "work, Frank, as you never worked before. You stand upon gold."

She gave no reason for this bold assertion, but there is something contagious in strong and genuine conviction, and in this instance I surrendered myself completely to the impulse of the moment, and, clearing away with my shovel the black alluvial soil, struck lustily with my pickaxe into the rocky stratum beneath. So far as I could distinguish by the dim light of the lantern beside me, the minerals which my pick disturbed were precisely such as I had met with in twenty excavations eagerly commenced and abandoned in disgust. Yes, there was the curved gneiss, the brittle hornblende, the fallacious sparkle of yellow mica, the black basalt, the water-worn gravel varied by thin streaks of milky quartz or of dark ferruginous sand. What could have caused Minnie's visit, her fancy respecting the richness of this particular spot, and the singular alteration in her manner? So far as I knew, she had never before entered the ravine whither she had guided me, while of gold-digging she was necessarily ignorant. Was her mind affected by the mental strain which she had for some time endured, or———

Ha! What was that? The sharp point of my pick had pierced, with a dull thud, into something softer than rock, softer even than the hardened clay that gave us so much trouble in cleaving through the bed of many a dried-up stream, and in freeing the tool I encountered a slight but perceptible resistance. I held up, within the radius of the light that streamed from the lantern, the end of the pick, and lo! a flake of something yellow and bright was sticking to the polished metal. Another blow, and another, and I had transfixed, and was dragging to the surface a weighty, wedge-shaped, glittering mass, with threads of gold and small cubes of crystalline quartz clinging to it. Gold! gold! I fell on my knees, and in a sort of amazement, lifted the huge nugget in my outspread hands. It was heavy, from twenty to thirty pounds weight, as I guessed; such a lump of the virgin metal as seldom gladdens the eye of a digger, and worth, at the lowest computation, six thousand dollars. I laid the mass down on the grass beside me, and looked up, as if to seek an explanation, at Minnie's pale lovely face. Her eyes flashed, and her lips were trembling. "Quick, Frank, quick!" she cried; "work on, work like a man, and do not linger on the very threshold of your fortune. Win wealth, win me, poor boy, and spare not pain or toil in the few hours that are left—see, see, the yellow vein yonder, trending south. That is what the miners call a heart-lode, is it not? Follow it, and be rich. I

will light you as you dig;" she added, snatching up the lantern, and holding it so as to throw its gleam into the shallow pit, where, sure enough, my eye caught the tell-tale glitter of a thick thread of gold-quartz trending southwards, as Minnie had said. And now I fell absolutely to work, striking such blows as awoke the echoes of the cliffs, while Minnie, holding up the light overhead, encouraged me with fond and hopeful words to fresh exertions.

The weather was already intensely hot, at least to English appreciation, and now the lightning began to play among the serrated crests of the mountains, and the thunder growled afar off, but we were both too much excited to heed the signs of a coming storm, and it was not till the heavy rain set in with almost tropical profusion, that I remembered that Minnie was too tender and delicate to be exposed to the pelting of the downcoming deluge, and lifting the blue Mexican poncho which I had thrown aside for the purpose of giving freer play to my limbs, I turned to wrap it round her as some protection from the elements. To my surprise, she was gone. The lantern stood on a jotting fragment of rock, but of the fair girl who had so lately been beside me there was not a trace. I went in search of her towards the hut, calling out her name, with every term of endearment, but the hollow echoes alone returned the sound of my voice, nor could I find any signs of her, although I made the circuit of the brake where I presumed her steed to have been tethered. Had she, in some sudden impulse of maiden coyness or caprice, remounted her horse and ridden off homewards, without a word of adieu, or had she dreaded lest her father should discover and resent her absence? Could it be that her mind was disordered, that—no, the accuracy of the information which she had afforded me, whence acquired I could not guess, as to the whereabouts of the gold-vein to which she had led me, vouched for the clearness of her intellect, however wild and unusual might have been her words and bearing, under the influence of strong excitement. Meanwhile, I had other matter to occupy my thoughts. The sudden stroke of good luck brought with it a haunting fear lest some baleful chance should intervene to blight my reviving prospects.

"There's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip," was a proverb which, in classical Latin as in homely English, kept ringing in my ears, as if a mocking spirit were whispering the words. How if one of those thousand mishaps that await the gold-digger should mar the completeness of my discovery? The bursting of a water-spont, a chance encounter with lurking Indians or white "road-agents," an attack of the country fever, or the abrupt dipping of the vein into hard crystalline rock, which must be slowly attacked by drills and dynamite, would upset all my calculations. There was not a moment to be lost, lest some incident should rob me of my new-fledged hopes; and accordingly, heedless of the heavy rain, I dragged myself back to the freshly turned soil, and laboured on, until at length, fairly worn out, I sank down on the edge of the pit and fell asleep through sheer exhaustion.

The first rays of the morning sun falling on my face aroused me, and I raised myself on my elbow and looked around. Memory, however, soon brought back to me the events of the past night—Minnie's strange visit, her unaccountable acquaintance with the existence of the gold-mine, the labours that had led to such a rich result, the newly kindled hopes that had sprung up as fortune smiled upon us. There lay the glittering heap of nuggets, of all shapes and sizes, from the flake like the scale of some monstrous fish to the queerly-shapen block that resembled an old fragment of some tree-root transmitted into gold. Altogether the "pile," in miners' parlance, was probably of a value of some nine thousand dollars, which, with what I had painfully amassed in the course of labourious months, made up two-thirds of the stipulated sum. Two days remained to me in which to become master of the remainder; and the bright gleam of the yellow vein, cropping through the rocky side of the excavation, seemed to beckon me on. How I worked during those two days and nights can only be guessed by those whom some mighty impulse has caused to put a consecutive strain on nerve and muscle for many hours together, crushing down bodily fatigue, as it were, by force of will. It is seldom with impunity that such a toll can be levied on the vital energies; but I was young, strong, and in love, and when the deathly faintness of extreme exhaustion came upon me, often would Minnie's sweet image arise before me as if to urge me on, and Antæus-like, I felt renewed vigour to resume my task.

It was a labour for a giant. I have since heard how at a later time miners from other spots came wonderingly to survey the pit that I had dug, marvelling that one pair of hands could have done so much in so brief a space. For although the vein continued to yield its golden treasures, trending to the south, it had to be tracked out, ever deeper and deeper, below the stony platform of the ravine, until at last I was plying my pick in a tunnelled arch of my own cutting. I had ceased to count or estimate the probable value of my winnings, and it was not until the evening of the last day that I finally desisted from my toil, and, spreading out my golden store on the earthen floor of my hut, assured myself that it was, at the very least, worth twenty-eight or twenty-nine thousand dollars. My work was done, my reward secured, and I fell asleep, and dreamed of happiness soon to be realised. There was not a blither heart in all America when, soon after sunrise on the following morning, I saddled my horse, and, with the leathern bag that held my treasure securely strapped before me on my sure-footed steed, set off for Jonathan Fairlop's farm to claim my bride.

Somehow, as I drew near my journey's end, and approached the well-known dwelling of the rich farmer, my high spirits flagged, and a chill ran through my limbs, as if my heart within me had foreboded evil. I drew rein, and rode slowly up to the trellised porch, screened by trailing roses that Minnie had planted. There seemed to be an unwonted stir about the farmer's doorway. A little knot of men, in their glossy Sunday suits of black broadcloth, stood conversing in an undertone beneath the shade of the porch. They turned to look at me, as I rode up and dismounted. One of them was an acquaintance of mine. He bent forward and spoke a word or two to the rest, and I noted that there was a look of sorrow, pity, surprise, in all their-sun-burned faces as they fixed their eyes on me. I brushed by them and entered the house. The first well-known face that I beheld was that of Fanny Fairlop, Minnie's eldest sister. She covered it with her hands, and burst into a passion of weeping as our eyes met, then hurried away; and I heard her call "Father! father!" And then old Fairlop, in black too, came with a halting step out of an inner room.

For the very first time since I had known him, the rough, selfish old Kentuckian seemed softened. There were tears in his eyes, and his voice was gentle as he said:—"Poor lad, poor lad, I'm main sorry: don't you know it then?" "Know it, know what?" I asked hoarsely, as I looked to right and left, bewildered. The farmer laid his broad hand upon my arm and drew me forward, on into the inner room. "God forgive me, I was too hard with the pretty flower," he said, groaning. "To see her alive again, even as the wife of the poorest man in the country or the state, I'd give every red cent of my fortune, but it's too late now."

Yes, old Jonathan Fairlop had spoken truly. It was too late. There lay my poor Minnie in her coffin, calm paceful, waxen white, beautiful with that strange fleeting beauty that the dead sometimes wear, and with a sweet, sad smile on her maiden lips, such as a tired child might wear when falling into a dreamless slumber. Dead! The pure white shroud, the black bier, the closed eyes that should no more welcome me, told their own tale with terrible distinctness. And now I knew for the first time how weak, worn, and ill I was. The voices of those around me sounded as if they came from a great way off; the solid earth rocked and reeled; the walls swam around me, and I fell swooning on the floor, and remember nothing more than that all grew dark.

When I recovered from the fever, brought on, no doubt, by over-fatigue and exposure to the weather, coupled with intense mental excitement, they told me, not unkindly, how Minnie had ceased to be. Hiram Lloyd's suit, encouraged by her father, the old man's peremptory command that she should give up all idea of the "trash of a Britisher" who could not pay his way and maintain a wife, and my apparent failure in the attempt to wrest from the soil the necessary sum on which the farmer had stipulated, had proved too much for that delicate frame and that sensitive organization. "It came suddenly at the last," her sister said. Thin, frail, and wasted, the mental agitation had proved a burthen too heavy for her to bear, and at length the labouring heart had ceased to beat, and with scarcely a whispered word of farewell or forgiveness she was gone. Strangely enough, she had died, so far as I could gather from those about her, almost at the same hour as that at which she had appeared before me at the door of my hut, eagerly calling upon me to seek for the buried gold to which she had so unerringly guided me. And when I heard this, there came a relapse in my illness, and, delirium setting in, there ensued a period during which I was in hourly danger, talking, as I thought, always with my dead Minnie whom I should never see again, till we two should meet in heaven.

They were tender with me during the time of my convalescence, and it was in kindness, doubtless, that they strove to persuade me that I had but dreamed of Minnie's visit; that my mind, sorely tasked and agitated, had deceived me; and that the spot whence the gold had been extracted had been one which I had noted as a likely one in some previous ramble and had sought under the impression that I was guided to it by her of whom my thoughts were full. I smiled, and let them speak. My own conviction remained unaltered. That my dead love had been with me was a comfort of which I would not let them rob me, but I said nothing. I bowed my head, and allowed them to believe me a convert to the hypothesis they suggested. I soon left that part of the country, settling in California, and working—as others seek refuge in strong drink — to banish the mournful thoughts that were with me ever. The gold I had won from the soil sufficed to purchase a large extent of virgin soil, now blooming with vineyard and corn-field, and I am a rich man, and envied, and all has thriven with me. But the zest of life is gone out of mine, and I wish, how I wish, that the weary pilgrimage were over, and I at rest—as Minnie is—for ever.—*All The Year Round.*

KINGS OF BUSINESS.

We make the following interesting and instructive excerpts from James Parton's lecture under the above head:—

Isaac Rich, who left a million and three quarters a year or two ago to found a college in Boston, began business thus: At eighteen he came from Cape Cod to Boston with $3 or $4 in his possession, and looked about for something to do, rising early, walking far, observing closely, reflecting much. Soon he had an idea—He bought three bushels of oysters, hired a wheelbarrow, found a piece of board, bought six small plates, six iron forks, a three-cent pepper-box, and one or two other things. He was at the oyster-boat, buying his oysters, at three in the morning, wheeled them three miles, set up his board near a market, and began business. He sold out his oysters as fast as he could open them, at a good profit. He repeated this experiment morning after morning, until he had saved $130, with which he bought a horse and waggon and had five cents left.

"How are you going to board your horse?" asked a stable-keeper, who witnessed the audacious transaction.

"I am going to board him at your stable."

"But you're a minor," replied the acute Yankee. "And mind, I can't trust you more than a week." The next morning the lad, who had established a good credit with oystermen, bought thirteen bushels of remarkably fine oysters, which he sold in the course of the day at a profit of $17. So he was able to pay for his horse's board. And right there in the same market he continued to deal in oysters and fish for forty years, became king of that business, and ended by founding a college; thus affording a new illustration of Professor Agassiz's theory that the consumption of fish is serviceable to the brain.

Last winter, in Norwich, a beautiful town near the centre of New York, I went over David Maydole's manufactory, where 100 men were employed in making hammers, enough men, you would suppose, to supply the world with hammers. He is one of the most perfect examples of a king of business I have met with in my life. If every king of business were such as he we should have the millennium the year after next. A plain little man he is, past 60 now, but in the full enjoyment of life and in the full enjoyment of his work. Upon being introduced to him in his office, not knowing what else to say, and not being aware that there was anything to be said or thought about hammers—having, in fact, always taken hammers for granted—I said: "And here you make hammers for mankind, Mr. Maydole?"

"Yes," said he "I've made hammers here for twenty-eight years."

"Well, then," said I, still at a loss for a talk-opener, "You ought to be able to make a pretty good hammer by this time."

"No, sir," said he, "I never made a pretty good hammer—I make the best hammer in the United States."

In Philadelphia, Henry Desston and Sons sell five ton of saws every day—an immense quantity, for a saw is very thin and light. Forty years ago he landed on these shores, aged fourteen, with his father and sister, and, two days after landing, the father died, leaving those two orphans alone in a strange land. He got work in a saw-shop, and by and by began business for himself in a small cellar. The simple secret of his marvellous prosperity is that he studied saws to the very uttermost, both theory and practice, and learned how to make better saws than had ever been made before.

Why are the Rothschild's the first bankers in the world? Because in a business career of 102 years, they have never failed to keep an engagement. Why is the Chemical Bank in New York the most solid and profitable bank in America? Because in the panic of 1837, when all other banks ceased to pay gold for their notes, that bank did not and never has. When gold was at 286, if you presented one of its $50 notes at the counter, and asked for its equivalent in gold, you got $50 in gold. Why is the Ætna Insurance Company of Hartford the first of its kind in America? Simply because, after the great fires of New York, Portland, Chicago, and Boston, it did what it had undertaken and engaged to do—paid its losses. When Cornelius Vanderbilt at eighteen learned that to him had been awarded the contract for conveying supplies to the different forts in New York harbour, he stared with astonishment. He had disdained to compete with the other baatmen in price, but had offered to do the work on just terms. The commissary, observing his surprise, said to him, "Don't you know why we have given this contract to you?" "No," replied the youth. "Why, it is that we want this business done, and we know you'll do it."

There is a great deal in merely being able to feel money in your pocket, and not spend it. I must own that it is a very rare gift with the literary class. I have known a young writer in receiving $30 for an article, invite a friend to dine with him at Delmonico's and ordered two bottles of $6 wine. Such men, whatever their talents, usually remain drudges and slaves all their lives. The simple reason, in fact, why property, always and everywhere, gets into such enormous masses, is that it is the nature of the strong to husband their resources and themselves, and it is the nature of the weak to squander both. If you want to test a young man and ascertain whether nature made him for a king or a subject, give him a thousand dollars and see what he will do with it. If he is born to conquer and command, he will put it quietly away till he is ready to use it as opportunity offers. If he is born to serve, he will immediately begin to spend it in gratifying his ruling propensity. That propensity may be, usually is, perfectly innocent.

But all these qualities that I have mentioned—honesty, knowledge, self-control, resolution, perseverance, will not make a man a king of business. An individual, let him be the greatest man that ever lived, cannot accomplish unless he knows how to avail himself of the services of others. I remember hearing Mr. Prang, the great chromo-maker, say that the hardest thing he ever had to learn was to keep his own hands off the work, it was so much easier and quicker to take hold and do a difficult thing than to get another person to do it. But he soon found that the master of a large establishment must use all his skill and energy in doing just that, for it is only by doing nothing that he can do everything. A king of business is a king of men. He knows how men feel and think; what are their ruling motives and their disturbing foibles; where human nature is weak, where strong, and what makes men contented and discontented. He is a judge of men, and knows how to pick out the men he wants, and keeps them by treating them as he would like to be treated in their place.

Again: before a man can be a king of business or a king of men he must be monarch of himself. A great part of the secret of being able to control others is self-control. I remember Robert Bonner pointing out a person going by the office of *The Ledger* and saying: "I worked by the side of that man for years setting type, and a very good workman he was. Do you want to know the reason why he is still a journeyman printer and I am not?" I did want to know the reason. "Well," said he, "the reason is this—he used to buy five-dollar pantaloons, and as soon as they began to look shabby he cast them aside; but I bought coarse, strong three-dollar ones and wore them out. That's the reason."

Traverse the world over, search the history of our race in all times, and wherever you find a man truly superior to his fellows, a natural king of men, born to command, you will find him attentive to the interests and to the feelings and to the dignity of those who execute his will. If he is not man enough to be so from good feeling, he is man of business enough to do it from policy. If there is any one here who snubs persons dependent upon him, begrudges them their just compensation, cares nothing for their interests or their honour, that man is not naturally a master; he is one by accident only—he belongs by birth or breeding, or both, to the class of the defeated or the servile. He is merely a beggar on horseback, and perhaps stole the horse.

GROTESQUES.

Why is the meat in a sandwich like the great middle class of society?—Because it lies between the upper-crust and the under-bred.

A bull rushed into a millinery store, causing a stampede among the ladies present. The lady in charge drove the gentleman out by exhibiting the price of an autumn bonnet.

In giving geography lessons down East, a teacher asked a boy what State he lived in, and was amused at the reply drawled through the boy's nose, "A state of sin and misery."

A farmer complains that a hook-and-ladder company has been organized in his neighbourhood. He states that the ladder is used after dark for climbing into his hen-house, after which the hooking is done.

One of the freaks of fashion is every now and then a craze for a particular colour. The rage just now is "elephant's breath." This is a very beautiful shade of blue, with a sort of mistiness about it. "A faille of this shade," we are told, "elaborately trimmed, and with a tunic of black lace, was one of the handsomest dresses worn at a wedding reception last week." It must be just the sort of colour for a costume to carry out of town; for of course elephant's breath would easily go into a trunk.

Formerly) in case of fractured crockery, it was the cat. In Worcester, Mass., it was the gas.. The servant-girl came into the dining-room to light the aforesaid gas. Upon the table was a glass goblet full of water. With one hand resting on the goblet Mary (or Bridget) with the other turned the key of the burner, allowing the gas to escape for an instant. Then touching the match, the gas flashed, and "the goblet instantly flew into pieces." Scientific explanation: "The vibrations of the gas-jet were so violent as to cause vibrations in the glass too violent for it to bear." Too thin, we suppose.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

La Forêt, (Marshal McMahon's county seat) is four leagues from Montargis, and as there is no railway from the latter place to Moncresson, the village adjoining La Forêt, visitors must do the leagues in a gig or on foot. If the Septennate lasts, the host of the Inn de la Poste at Montargis may deem it worth while to set up a fly or two, but meanwhile the sixteen miles of road afford a good protection to the Marshal against importunate place-hunters, and this gladdens him, for he gets quite enough worry from the telegraph boys or Home Office couriers, who come pelting through Moncresson a dozen times a day with news more or less unpleasant. The Marshal contrives to be out shooting, if possible, when these bores arrive, and if any of them should wish to run him to earth among the colza or beetroot fields, they would have to run long and fast, for the hero of Magenta is one of those men who can set out with his gun at nine and be still potting away indefatigably at five, many hours after his two retrievers, his aide-de-camp, and the Marquis Amelot, his neighbour and best sporting friend, have had enough of it. He is a taciturn sportsman and an excellent shot. Bred to the tricks of partridges from his earliest youth, he aims stolidly and knocks them over, or if, perchance, he misses once in a day, his chagrin finds vent in one of those round expletives which come very venially from an old soldier. For it must be remembered that the Marshal is emphatically an old soldier, and nothing but that—no politician, dipomatist, or mincer of words. He hates politics with a rueful sort of horror, which he confesses in his smileless way to all who talk with him: and though his friends have succeeded in persuading him that he has a saving mission to discharge, yet his presidentship constrains him to varieties of pomp which are most repugnant to his nature. He has never consented to be trammelled in private by the etiquette of a Court. In Paris he goes periodically on foot to have his hair clipped into bristles in the Rue Vivienne, and afterwards he likes to slip off and breakfast in a private room at Durand's or the Café d'Orsay. He is a great stickler for uniform—not quite to the point of utterly eschewing civilian's dress, like the late Marshal Castellane—but dons military undress in his study, puts on his kepi to go shooting, and of yore he used to make his old regimental overcoats do duty as dressing gowns, until two years ago, when he was stricken with rheumatics, the Duchess pressed on his acceptance a genuine dressing gown, furred and lined with silk, which gorgeous vestment, however, he wore with sorrow and compunction, as tending to effeminacy. When the Marshal resigns himself to civilian's clothes his garments are stiff and dark, looking as if they had been cut by a pair of sword-bayonets tied together for scissors; and if he were privately asked what causes he considers conduced most to the lax discipline in the Army, he would probably allude despondingly to the long hair and the astonishing tartan waistcoats of Marshal Canrobert as having been at the root of a great deal of it. Such as MacMahon is in externals so is he in the simplicity of his character and tastes. He is a plain eater, inclining to English, good, underdone roast beef and the like; he smokes hard, talks little, and growls frankly when displeased; he can play a smart rubber, ride fearlessly at a five-barred gate despite his sixty and six years; and he is a bluff, kindly landlord. At La Forêt he lives *en famille* with his children, several of the Duchess's relatives, and his aides-de-camp, the Marquis d'Abzac, Colonel de Broye, M. de Vaulgremont, and the Prince de St. Winock. Most of his servants are old soldiers, but he keeps few of them loafing around his halls. When you reach the outer gate of the château there is not even a porter to stop the way, much less anything like a guard, so you push the gate open (it is half-covered with honeysuckles and white roses) and walk across the courtyard, which is planted with a tree or two, but is scarcely thirty yards long. To the left are the stables, to the right a lawn and flower-beds, facing you a short flight of steps leading to the front entrance. It is not a very seigneurial place, despite its venerable age, for many of the old towers have been demolished to make modern improvements, and the mixture of architectures forms a pile rather incongruous. Moreover, the apartments inside are all furnished in the latest Parisian style. But, such as it is, its

MGR. RACINE, R. C. BISHOP OF SHERBROOKE.

From a Photograph by Livernois, of Quebec.

SHERBROOKE, P. Q.—THE ENTRY OF THE BISHOP.—From a Photograph by Blanchard, of Sherbrooke.

hospitalities are admirably dispensed under the direction of the Vicomte Emmanuel d'Harcourt, the Chief Secretary to the Presidency, a handsome nobleman of about thirty-two, who is one of the hardest worked men in France, but whose courtesy and geniality are on all occasions splendid and sustained. The Viscount is the Duchesse de Magenta's cousin, his father, the Marquis d'Harcourt, now Ambassador at Vienna, being the Comtesse de Castries' brother. Comte d'Harcourt, the Viscount's eldest brother, sits in the Assembly for the department of the Loiret; and it may be added that the whole clan of Harcourt are country neighbours of the Marshal, owning various picturesque châteaux around.—*Daily News.*

"THE CAMEL."

The London *Globe* says: "For the last few years the milliner's idea has been to dress her customers as like men as possible, to give them stand-up collars and leather belts, to arm them with umbrellas hanging from the waist as if they were swords, to supply them with gentlemen's watch-chains. Even in fashion the world must advance, and the move for the coming winter is decidedly a move forward. Fashionable ladies, who have been dressed like men, must now dress like wild animals. All the new tissues are to resemble furs, and as a few years ago young ladies were said to wear Dolly Vardens, so now they will put on their 'camels.' That is the generic name by which the Parisian *modistes* have called the year's fabrics, though of course there is a variety allowed, and a young lady may appear as a reindeer, as a bear, as a northern elk—in fact, as any rough-skinned animal she may select. But it is necessary that the skins should consist of as few pieces as possible. The 'camel' and a collar which will be known in the fashionable world as a dog's collar, will complete the costume. But this new invention of the French dressmakers has not so much originality after all. The idea is merely a development of the Ulster great coat, which was borrowed a couple of years ago from the Irish peasantry. This desire for the roughest materials and the rudest make has produced already strange results. In Switzerland Englishmen are dressed so like guides that it is difficult to distinguish them. Even at Brighton the taste for walking-sticks has declared that a perfectly plain bit of ash cut out of the wood and innocent of scraping and varnishing is the most fashionable cane. A silver ornament is allowed near the handle as a sort of trade mark to show that it belongs to a gentleman. Even if the winter of 1874 should be as inclement as that of 1870, there may yet be days when the 'camel' would be too warm, and so less heavy garments have to be prepared. Still, the relations with the animal world will be kept up. Ladies when they cannot go out like beasts, will go out like birds. All trimmings are to be made of feathers—cocks' feathers, pheasants' feathers, peacocks' feathers. This plumage is to cover the dresses, but a whole bird will be in the hat. A very fashionable lady may, therefore, assume a parrot's head and a peacock's tail."

DR. G. W. CAMPBELL, OF MONTREAL.

DEAN OF THE MEDICAL FACULTY, McGILL COLLEGE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

DIAMONDS FOR EVERYBODY.

Everybody is to be able to wear diamonds now, as a process has been invented, we are told, for the manufacture of pure artificial diamonds from benzine—not the kind mentioned in our police reports when we say a man has imbibed too much benzine, but the genuine article. Benzine is introduced into a glass shell about six inches in thickness, and capable of standing enormous pressure. Another substance having a strong affinity for hydrogen, but the name of which is kept secret, is introduced with it. The poles of a moderately strong battery are also introduced, and the whole hermetically sealed. As decomposition takes place slowly, the hydrogen unites with the substance for which it has an affinity, and pure colourless carbon is set free, and in course of time forms in the shape of diamonds of various size on the interior sides of the glass shell. The only question is, if the hydrogen unites with the secret substance introduced, for which it has an affinity and the carbon is set free, whence is derived the enormous pressure which is claimed to be essential for the success of the process? Unless perchance this substance is also decomposed and sets free another gas which has no affinity for carbon

HAMILTON, ONT.—THE HAMILTON-TORONTO FOOT-BALL MATCH.—AFTER A SKETCH BY A. F. M. BELL SMITH

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FOOTBALL : HARVARD VS. MCGILL.

On Friday last a so-called 'Grand International Match'—in which the contestants were teams from Harvard and McGill Universities—was played on the Grounds of the Montreal Cricket Clubin the presence of some 1500 spectators. The ball was kicked off at three o'clock by the captain of the McGill team, and after some fifty minutes' play Harvard succeeded in scoring a 'touch-down.' At the end of half an hour the teams, according to previous arrangement, changed ground. Harvard shortly after secured a second touch-down, but failed to make a goal. A third touch-down, also failed to make a goal, but won the match for Harvard, the three touches counting equal to a game. The play was vigorous throughout, and during the last part of the game McGill fought with the energy of despair.

THE DEPARTURE OF EMIGRANTS BY A HAMBURG LINE

forms the subject of a striking and lively illustration.

The illustration to which we have given the fanciful title

A DOG FANCIER'S COLLECTION

shows a number of prize dogs exhibited recently at Stuttgart, the capital of the kingdom of Wurtemberg.

THE HAMILTON-TORONTO FOOT-BALL MATCH,

took place at Hamilton on Saturday week. The contestants were the Argonauts of Toronto and a team of the Hamilton Foot-Ball Club. The latter succeeded in making one touch-down ten minutes before game was called, but failed to make the goal.

"THE FOSTER MOTHER."

The following lines accompany the above illustration :—

"Back to the woods we'll go," cried she :
But it had grown too dark to see
She could not find our native tree.

"Srdly she took us home; she fed
Us with the sweetest milk and bread,
Then kissed, and put us into bed."

THE FASHION-PLATE,

which we have copied from *The Queen*, is fully described elsewhere.

MGR. RACINE, BISHOP OF SHERBROOKE.

On Sunday, the 18th inst., the Rev. M. Racine, of the parish of St. John, Quebec, was consacreted first Bishop of Sherbrooke in the Quebec Basilica. On the following Tuesday afternoon he made his entry into his diocesan city where he was met by a large concourse of people, and a procession having been formed, was conducted through the principal streets to the church. Here the ceremony of handing over the building to the new bishop was performed and an appropriate service was held. In the evening, a dinner was given in the Convent Hall, and the town was generally illuminated in honour of the occasion.

Mgr. Racine was born at Lorette, near Quebec, in the year 1822. He has achieved the highest reputation for eloquence, earnestness, and activity as a priest, and as already, in his new capacity, made a most favourable impression in his diocese.

DR. GEORGE W. CAMPBELL.

We have been disappointed by the non-reception of promised materials for a biographical notice of Dr. Campbell, upon whom t is suggested that some token of Imperial favour might be appropriately conferred. In our editorial columns we have considered this subject, and have given some details as to the venerable doctor's services, which certainly are entitled to some recognition.

FALL FASHIONS.

No. 1—*House Dress.*—White serge, embroidered in colour over a coloured silk skirt The faille skirt is trained. The tunic is embroidered all round, and scolloped at the edge. It forms two points in front, a faille bow marking the commencement of the opening. The tunic is square at the back, and is draped at the side with a plain sash the colour of the skirt. Faille waistcoat; serge bodice with basque embroidered to correspond with tunic.

No. 2—*Promenade Toilette.*—Black faille skirt, bordered with a flounce, scolloped at the edge and sewn on with a band of velvet and an upright frill; tunic of plaid camel's hair, checked black and white, forming two square ends at the back, and trimmed all round with black velvet and black and white fringe. The bodice has a round basque, and is ornamented to correspond with the tunic.

No. 3—*Camel's Hair Costume.*—Dark olive-green silk, and camel's hair of the same shade. The camel's hair skirt is bordered with a deep flounce, and headed with faille bouillonnés and crossbands. The camel's hair tunic is edged with a flounce of the same, headed with similar trimming on a smaller scale. The back of the tunic is lined with faille; camel's hair bodice, with square basques in front and long full ones at the back.

Nos. 4 and 5—*Toilette de Reception.*—Black faille.—The skirt is bordered at the back with a plaited flounce, which is edged with a narrow frill and ruches above. The front of the skirt is ornamented with plaited bouillonnés and frills. The quilles at the sides are wide cross-bands, with a row of rich passementerie on each band. The pouf is held up with a large bow fastened at the left side. Bodice with square basques, trimmed to correspond with the skirt. No. 5 represents the same toilette, seen from the right side and the back. A jacket braided with white soutache is worn above. Black lace with white lace beneath trims the basques.

ALBANI.

OUR CANADIAN PRIMA DONNA.

A writer in the New York *Daily Graphic* relates the following interview with Emma Lajeunesse, which our readers will doubtless read with interest :—

Mr. Max Strakosch led the way into an elegant and cosey apartment in the Clarendon Hotel, and Mlle. Emma Albani came forward to do the honours of a domain which contained three persons—herself, *prima donna assoluta;* a lady friend who was not at all an unsmiling duenna; and Mr. Gye, son of the London *impresario*, and agent for Mr. Strakosch's latest star. Mlle. Albani made a very pretty picture as she bade her manager and the writer welcome, and waived them to seats near her side. She is a brunette, with clear grey eyes, abundant masses of dark hair worn in manifold braids and coiled about her head, rather full lips, disclosing regular, white teeth, and a rich, warm complexion, which changes as she speaks. Her forehead is low and broad, and her face betokens both resolution and amiability of character. She wore a tasteful costume of plum-coloured silk, relieved by white lace at the neck and wrists, and her jewelry included a slender bracelet set with diamonds and a Maltese cross in diamonds and pearls.

"Ah, no, not *three!*" Mlle. Albani cried, as Mr. Gye arose to lower some of the gas jets, the light being of somewhat superfluous brilliancy. "No wonder Mr. Strakosch laughs," she resumed. "He knows the superstition of *artistes* I think one gets thoroughly imbued with it in Italy. I would not have an odd number of anything for a great deal. Do you know I was fearful throughout the voyage that we should arrive on the 13th; and I was wicked enough to wish that our journey should be prolonged a day or so lest we should reach port on Friday. As it was, we came ashore on Friday, but I am glad to say we really arrived Thursday night."

"Ah, Mademoiselle," laughed M. Strakosch, "I remember very well on one occasion coming over with Carlotta Patti. She was loaded down with luggage, jewelry, &c., and was indisposed to hurry ashore. But I only had to say to her, 'Carlo, to-morrow is Friday!' and whisk-k, she could not be kept on board."

There was a general laugh, and Mlle. Albani said : "It was odd that there should have been such a mistake as appointing the Duke of Edinburgh's wedding-day for a Friday, for the Russians are most superstitious as a race. It was through a miscalculation, however, and when it was discovered there was serious talk of changing the time of the happy event."

"You sang in Russia, did you not, Mademoiselle?" said the writer.

"Oh, yes," Mlle. Albani replied: "at St. Petersburg and Moscow. Mme. Patti was there at the same time, and, as *seconda donna*, some one you know here, I fancy—Mlle. Marie Duval. I thought our little friend very pleasant and very ambitious. She would wonder in her innocent way why it was not she rather than *la* Patti who was awarded the most brilliant testimonials."

"Just so here," said Mr. Strakosch. "Mlle. Duval was a very useful member of my company and a most amusing one. 'Why,' she would say, 'why is it, Monsieur Strakosch, that when I sing there are only a few people, and when Nilsson sings there are throngs?" 'Because, my dear,' I would answer, '*on est si bête ici!*' 'And why,' she would ask, 'do you not have a picture made of me as you have of Nilsson in 'Ophelia,' and put it in Central Park?'"

Mlle. Albani gave a low, musical laugh, and went on to answer some questions of the writer about Russia.

"No," she said, "the Russians are not at all phlegmatic. They are almost savage in their manner of showing pleasure; and woe be to the singer who fails to please them."

"Did they not prostrate themselves before you on one occasion after you had sung and 'carried them away?'"

"Not so bad as that. They did not prostrate themselves, but they literally 'carried *me* away.' They bore me in their arms from the theatre. It sounds very ludicrous, but, frightened as I was, I was also very gratified."

"Is the 'Sonnambula' your favourite opera?"

"I like it very much. I am essentially of the Italian school, and Bellini's music suits me if any does. I made my debut in 'Sonnambula.' I appeared in it first in London, and I am to sing in it here on Wednesday. But 'Mignon' is a great favourite of mine. The character demands so much study, and I have taken as great pains with it as I should with 'Marguerite.' There is not only the composer, but Goethe, Scheffer, and other authorities to consult. It is a glorious role."

"There are, of course, endless discouragements to American students abroad."

"Not the least of which," said Mlle. Albani, "is a very fatal one—the fact that many students go to incompetent *maestri*, and leave them worse than they began. Many is the American girl who has come to me with a voice almost entirely ruined from unskilful treatment. Almost every one in Italy can sing, but only comparatively few can teach. I was fortunate in having a good *maestro;* but there are so many who fall into incompetent hands. I am not altogether surprised at what you tell me about a recent *débutante*," she said, "for her *maestro* was one of the worst in Italy. I liked her voice when I used to hear her practising in her room in a house where we lived together, and am sorry that 'tuition' has spoiled it."

"You have sung in Paris, Mademoiselle?"

"Oh, yes, I have had one season in the French capital. Capoul was the tenor at that time. I had heard that he was rather gay, and was surprised to find him so conscientious an *artiste*. And he was so admirable in 'Mignon.' I have seen the new Grand Opera—yes. On my way back from Germany this summer I stopped in Paris, and was taken to see the new house. It certainly is very magnificent, but it struck me as rather disappointing, after the imposing appearance of the exterior and the great magnificence of the *foyer*, to find the auditorium comparatively plain and no larger than Covent Garden Theatre. The superb decorations by Baudry are mostly lavished on the *foyer*, which is filled with fine statuary, and gilded and adorned in superb style. But the theatre itself is very little decorated."

"Are you anxious about Wednesday?"

"Quite; although I feel so kindly towards my country-people that I hope they will reciprocate. Oh yes (pointing to the piano), I practice regularly. I was cheated out of nine days' practice through the voyage. I tried to sing in my cabin, but I could not very well without making too great a noise."

"Which church were you at to-day—St. Stephen's?"

"No, although I have heard much of the music there. I went to the Sixteenth Street Church, where Mr. Berge is organist. I knew him quite well by reputation when I was an organist in Albany."

As Mr. Strakosch and the writer descended from the *prima donna's* apartments the former said, "Did I not tell you! Was there ever a more unassuming lady?"

"Never," said the writer, "since *prime donne* ruled the world."

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

To Preserve Pears.—Parboll some pears with the peel on, take them out of the water, peel and quarter them, then let them lie twenty-four hours in large dishes, with powdered lump sugar thickly sprinkled over them; to 6 lbs. of pears put the same quantity of loaf sugar, 1 oz. of ginger sliced thin, the peel of three lemons cut into thin strips, and one pennyworth of cochineal. Stew gently for five hours, and keep in close-covered jars.

Forced Cabbage.—Take two fine fresh cabbages, and examine well to see that there are no insects hidden among the leaves. Wash the cabbages in cold water, and drain them. Take out the heart or inside cluster of leaves in the centre of each cabbage, leaving a circle of them standing. Cut off the stalk near the bottom, but not so close as to cause the cabbage to fall apart. You may leave a double circle of leaves. Have ready plenty of stuffing, or forcement, made of veal or fresh pork minced finely, cold ham or smoked tongue minced also, grated bread crumbs, fresh butter, powdered mace, sweet marjoram and sweet basil, grated lemon peel, and two hard-boiled yolks of egg, crumbled fine. Fill the cabbages full with this stuffing, and to keep them in shape tie them firmly round in several places, with strings of twine or bass. They must be tied in the form of a round ball. Put them into a stew-pot, with water enough to cover them well, and let them stew till thoroughly done. Take them up immediately before they are wanted, and remove the strings that have kept them in shape while cooking. Red cabbage may be done in this way.

Dried Beef.—The most favourable season for drying beef is November or December; but if neglected then, it may yet be done in early spring, furnishing the nicest relish for breakfast or tea. We have also known persons of weak digestion to partake of it, to the great increase of their strength when hardly able to take any other nourishment whatever. For this purpose take the round of a full-grown, well-fatted beef. Cut it into pieces of convenient size. Rub well into it on all sides a little pounded saltpetre and sugar mixed. Put it in a brine strong enough to bear an egg, in which, however, let it lie only three days. Furnish it with string, and hang up where you can smoke it until dry enough to chip. It may be eaten raw, chipped very thin in small bits, or is still better boiled in a little butter. Veal and mutton are very nice done in the same way, the latter bearing a close resemblance to dried venison, and being quite as good. It is better to sew up tightly in a cloth or bag before the fly makes it appearance.

The Best Way to Cook a Steak.—For my own part, says a writer on breakfast dishes, I like nothing so well for breakfast as a good beefsteak; but then, again, how rarely is a good beefsteak served. Very often, when one asks for a steak, an overdone, leathery, sodden, black-looking mass, with an unnatural smell of grease and frying-pan about it, is presented. Look at it and shudder; but, in pity to your digestion, do not attempt to eat it. Now ask for the same dish in France—I do not mind saying, ask for it almost anywhere in France, not only in Paris—and a tender, delicate, and tasty *plat* is given you, called, I suppose in mockery, "Bifteck à l'Anglaise." Of course, we ought to be able to prepare a beefsteak as well as the French, therefore let me direct you with advice from Jourdan Lecointe. To begin with, utterly despise rumpsteak; for this purpose you must take the fillet, otherwise the undercut of the surloin, and if you spoil that you must be a bad cook indeed. It should be dressed in this way : Cut several small steaks in rather thick pieces, say one and a half inch, on no account thin slices, and, having given each a hearty thump or two with a rolling-pin, get out your gridiron (mind gridiron, not frying-pan), grease the bars, put it over a very clear fire entirely free from smoke; place your little steaks on it, and grill them nicely, and not too long, as when cooked, they should be just pink inside—I do not mean raw, but pink. Before serving, however, chop up, very finely, a little parsley, with just a suspicion of onion, mix them with rather more than a tablespoonful of fresh butter, and drop a little of this on each steak, placing the remainder in your hot dish, where it will quickly melt, and, mixing with the juice that will flow from the steaks, form a delicious gravy. Some people like a little lemon juice added, but this is, of course, entirely according to taste. Need I say that the steaks cannot be served too quickly or too hot? Now, this appears to be a simpler mode of cooking a steak than frying it till it is as hard as a piece of wood, and till all the succulent juices are dried up. These steaks can be served in a variety of ways—"à la sauce tomate," "aux champignons," and so on; fried potatoes are generally served with them.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Shakspeare's "Othello" has been translated into Hebrew by J. E. S., with a critical introduction by Peter Smolensky. The book, which is a literary curiosity, is published at Vienna.

The notes on Shakspeare left by the late Mr. Staunton have been examined, and found valueless, almost all of his manuscript having been printed.

The death at Munich is announced of a rival of the famous Cardinal Mezzofanti, the Abbé Richter, who spoke, it was said, very nearly eighty languages.

Mr. George Smith's forthcoming book on Assyria is expected to rival in interest Layard's "Nineveh." It is the fruit of original researches.

Nowadays a novel receives its title on the same principle that a child is named—simply to identify it. It is by no means necessary that there should be any connection between the contents of a novel and its title. The latter calls attention to its existence, and distinguishes it from its neighbours; that is deemed sufficient.

A complete edition of Poe's works will shortly be published. Vol. I. will contain a new memoir by Mr. John H. Ingram, founded on original documents, which will, it is said, give a new idea of Poe's character. The work will contain portrait, views, and illustrations by Sambourne, and will be published by Messrs. A. & C. Black.

Mr. Bryan Waller Proctor, better known by his *nom de plume* of "Barry Cornwall," died on the 2nd inst., aged eighty-four. He was born in 1790, and educated at Harrow School, where he had Byron for a form-fellow. He was a member of the bar, and for many years held the profitable post of a commissioner of lunacy, but resigned that office in 1861. Mr. Proctor was the author of many well-known lyrical poems and other works. He married in 1824 a daughter of the late Mr. Basil Montagu, Q.C., by whom he had a daughter, Adelaide Anne, well known as a poetess, who died in February, 1864.

The latest pen picture of Charles Reade is by Colonel Forney, who recently met him. He has "gray, almost white, hair and beard, soft voice, excellent address, and an evident eagerness to please and be pleased. Slightly deaf, and therefore not demonstrative, it was still not necessary to force him to talk. He sought others, and was, I noticed, that excellent thing in man and woman, a good listener. Mr. Reade is an Oxford professor, a D.C.L., and a prodigious worker, and, I should think, a very amiable person in private life. He never once talked of himself, was dressed in plain black, and seemed more anxious for fame as a dramatist than as a writer of fiction."

I MUSED LAST NIGHT IN PENSIVE MOOD.

"Oh there's nothing half so sweet in life
A love's young dream!"

I mused last night in pensive mood,—
Albeit not often sentimental,—
My heart was heavy and my frame
Was racked with aches—both head and dental.
I say, as once I've said before,
My mood was somewhat sad and pensive,
I cast upon the Past a glance
Fond, lingering, and comprehensive.

I saw once more that mossy bank,
By which the river ripples slowly,
O'ershadowed by the silvery veil
Of willow branches drooping lowly,
Bestrewn with wild spring flowerets dyed
In every colour of the prism:
Where oft we sat, May Brown and I,—
Nor ever dreamed of rheumatism.

We loved. Ah, yes! Some might have loved
Before us, in their humdrum fashion;
But never yet the world had known
So wild, so deep, so pure a passion!
We recked not of the heartless crowd,
Nor heeded cruel parents' frowning;
But lived in one long blissful dream,
And spouted Tennyson and Browning.

And when the cruel fates decreed
That for a season I must leave her,
It wrung my very heart to see
How much our parting seemed to grieve her.
One happy moment, too, her head
Reposed, so lightly, on my shoulder!
In dreams I live that scene again,
And in my arms again enfold her.

She gave me one long auburn curl,
She wore my picture in a locket,
Her letters, with blue ribbon tied,
I carried in my left coat-pocket.
(Those notes, rose-scented and pink-hued,
Displayed more sentiment than knowledge.)
I wrote about four times a week.
That year I was away at College.

But oh, at length "a change came o'er
The spirit of my dream!" One morning
I got a chilly line from May
In which, without the slightest warning,
She said she shortly meant to wed
Tom Barnes (a parson, fat and jolly);
She sent my notes and ruby ring,
And hoped I would "forget my folly."

I sent her all her letters back,
I called her false and fickle-hearted,
And swore I hailed with joy the hour
That saw me free. And so we parted.
I quoted Byron by the page,
I smoked Havanas by the dozens,
And then I went out West and fell
In love with all my pretty cousins.

Scribner's Monthly.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

The *Morning Post* says that the pension granted to the father of Don Carlos by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia was stopped by the Emperor Alexander directly the present Don Carlos entered Spain as a Pretender.

The *Herald of Health*, in speaking of colours, says: "Yellow on the walls of rooms has a very depressing effect on the mind. Violet is worse. A man would go mad in a little while in a violet papered or painted room. Black rooms or rooms heavily draped in mourning produce gloom and foreboding.

The frequent journeys which Prince Leopold of Bavaria has of late made to Berlin are accounted for in a Vienna telegram, which states that the King of Bavaria intends next year to visit India for the purpose of perfecting his artistic studies, and that during his absence Prince Leopold will be Regent. To obtain the assent of the German Emperor to this arrangement was probably the object of Prince Leopold's visits to the Prussian capital.

From a return recently made to the French War Office it appears that of the four Marshals now on the Army List, one came from the Polytechnic School, two from the School of St. Cyr, and one has risen from the ranks. Of the 314 generals now in active service, 24 generals of division and 38 brigadiers came from the Polytechnic School, 74 generals of division and 129 brigadiers from the School of St. Cyr, and 18 generals of division and 32 brigadiers have risen from the ranks.

A writer in the London *Athenæum* says:—"Birds have a great fear of death. A hen canary belonging to the author died while nesting and was buried. The surviving mate was removed to another cage, the breeding-cage itself was thoroughly purified, cleansed, and put aside till the following spring. Never afterwards, however, could any bird endure to be in that cage, and, if obliged to remain, they huddled close together and moped and were thoroughly unhappy, refusing to be comforted by any amount of sunshine or dainty food. The experiment was tried of introducing foreign birds, who were not even in the house when the canary died, nor could, by any possibility, have heard of her through other canaries. The result was the same—no bird would live in that cage. The cage was haunted, and the author was obliged to desist from all further attempts to coax or force a bird to stay in it."

An inquest has been held on a shoemaker named Donavan, who was an inmate of the Prestwich Lunatic Asylum, and worked at his trade there. He had a great taste for eating iron, and died suddenly. The post mortem examination showed that the stomach contained one pound ten ounces of nails, some an inch and a half long. Several pieces of iron, half an inch square, and an awl without handle. The jury returned a verdict of death from peritonitis, in accordance with the medical evidence. The following is a list of the articles discovered in the stomach and intestines of the deceased:—1639 shoemakers' sparables, six 4-inch cut nails, 19 3-inch cut nails, eight 2½-inch cut nails, 18 2-inch cut nails, 40 1½-inch cut nails, seven three-quarter-inch cut nails, 39 tacks, five brass nails, nine brass brace-buttons, 20 pieces of buckles, one pin, 14 bits of glass, 10 small pebbles, three pieces of string, one piece of leather three inches long, one piece of lead four inches long, one American pegging-awl two inches long—total number, 1841; total weight, 11 lb. 10 oz.

In the will of the late Baron A. Rothschild occurs the following paragraph, which, in its inculcation of forbearance to each other among his children, and never to loosen family bonds, may be followed with a high degree of advantage by the professing Christian: "I exhort all my beloved children always to live in harmony, never to loosen family bonds, to avoid all differences, dissensions, and litigations, to use forbearance toward each other, and not to allow temper to get the better of them, and to be friendly in their disposition. My children possess a good example in their excellent grand-parent. Friendliness was always the sure condition to the happiness and success of the whole Rothschild family. May my children now and never lose sight of this family tradition, and may they follow the exhortation of my late father, their grandfather, contained in paragraph fifteen of his last will and testament, always to remain true and faithful, and without changing, to the paternal faith of Israel."

A writer in *Tinsley's Magazine* says: "Perhaps it was because of Thackeray's keen-sightedness to detect and his readiness to expose and pillory the snob that he could the more genially describe a gentlemen. There are many passages in his writings which bespeak his appreciation of the character. The reader will remember his famous prospectus of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which being conducted by gentlemen, was to be addressed to gentlemen. 'Perhaps,' he says, 'a gentleman is a rarer personage than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle, men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, whose want of meanness makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face, with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small? We all know a hundred whose coats are well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are what they call in the inner circles, and have stept into the very centre and bull's-eye of fashion; but of gentlemen, how many?' Let us take a scrap of paper, and each make out his list."

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* asks the following question: "If a man were to start from New York Monday noon and travel with the sun around the world, reaching New York again at the end of twenty-four hours, it would then be Tuesday noon. Where did it change from Monday to Tuesday?" To this the editor replies as follows:—We commend to this querist Jules Verne's "Tour of Eighty Days Round the World," and in direct reply to her question remark that as the sun travels over 15° in one hour, in twelve hours he would be 180° from New York, at which point his Tuesday might begin. This would bring the traveller somewhere in Chinese Tartary. Practically this is effected by vessels crossing the Pacific Ocean, making a change in their reckoning according to the way they are going, by either dropping or duplicating a day. The change is made while crossing a parallel of longitude no part of which goes over land. Twenty-five years ago the question arose in our astronomy class, "Where does New Year's Day begin?" and the answer given, "Somewhere in Central Asia."

Eugene Lawrence, writing from Paris on the French nation says that "its chief want seems to be an intelligent and rational press. The French thinkers are so impulsive as to lose all trace of consistency. At one moment M. Victor Hugo is the advocate of universal peace, the next he insists upon another war with Germany. The Parisian editors expend their rare intellectual gifts in brilliant sallies and quick rejoinders, in amusing where they ought to instruct, in following the popular impulse of the hour where they ought to guide. One looks almost in vain in the best French journals for any calm review of the resources of the nation, or any new project for their full development; for the improvement of the means of internal communication, in which the country is still singularly deficient; for the advancement of education, and the spread of popular reform. Even *La République Française*, which has paid some attention to these topics, has scarcely leisure to discuss them fully. Yet it is not improbable that a paper that would give its chief attention to the real wants of the nation might command an audience that none other can reach. The people are already tired of frivolity and impurity, and are glad to be instructed even by Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrian."

Many persons, says the *Medical Times and Gazette*, eat far too much flesh, and would be the better for a more copious admixture of vegetables. Others have too much vegetable, and especially farinaceous food, and not enough flesh, regard being had in either case to the work which the individual has to do, and the power of digestion. Too exclusive a flesh diet is the vice of many rich people, who even allow their children at school to indulge in game pies and other articles of the highest class, such as unfit boys for plain fare, and deprive them of the help which a higher diet might afford them hereafter in case of illness. Too much animal food is unduly stimulant, renders children restless and quarrelsome, young men sensual and Philistine, and elderly men gouty and dyspeptic. Too exclusively vegetable or farinaceous a diet, especially if tried too suddenly by persons unused to it, has for its first effect to constipate the bowels, which become loaded with masses of undigested bread, potato, or rice. We believe it may be laid down as an axiom, that, other things being equal, the more the brain is worked, the greater need is there for animal food. Town people must have more meat, as a rule, than country folks; the children of professional men more than the children of agricultural labourers. Still, rich townspeople on the whole should use less flesh, and poor ones more.

A curious custom is the "locking-up" which takes place nightly at the Tower of London. As the clock strikes the hour the yeoman porter, clothed in a long red cloak, bearing a huge bunch of keys, and accompanied by a warder carrying a lantern, stands at the front of the main guard-house, and calls out, "Escort Keys." The sergeant of the guard and five or six men then turn out and follow him to the outer gate, each sentry challenging as they pass with "Who goes there?" the answer being, "Keys." The gates being carefully locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation and receiving the same answer as before. Arrived once more at the front of the main guard-house, the sentry gives a loud stamp with his foot and asks. "Who goes there?" "Keys," "Whose Keys?" "Queen Victoria's Keys." "Advance Queen Victoria's Keys, and all's well." The yeoman porter then calls out, "God Bless Queen Victoria," to which the guard responds "Amen." The officer on duty gives the word "Present Arms," and kisses the hilt of his sword, and the yeoman porter then marches alone across the parade and deposits the keys in the Lieutenant's lodgings. The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totally precluded, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the countersign.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Post and Mail* writes: "The air cures of the Alps are an important element among the attractions of Switzerland. You find them scattered through the country at different altitudes to accommodate all invalids. The healing virtues seem to reside between the elevations of two to six thousand feet for the majority. Some constitutions gain benefit at still higher altitudes, even up to 9,000 feet. After a lengthened sojourn 'on the heights,' the return to the ordinary level must be made by degrees. The hotel here at Frohn Alp, which is an air, milk, and whey cure combined, is full of Swiss Germans. Their capacity for eating, or rather drinking, is quite marvellous. They begin the day at six o'clock with from one to three large glasses of milk warm from the cow or goat. At eight comes the usual Swiss breakfast of bread, butter, coffee, and honey; dinner at noon, coffee and bread at four, warm milk again at six, a hearty supper at half-past seven, and between nine and ten you see many finishing off with a night-cap of wine or beer. Oh, for their livers and digestive organs! The life in the open air, which is the important cure, may account for this constant imbibing. The Swiss and many German doctors have great faith in the curative powers of this mountain air so near the glaciers. It is particularly beneficial for nervous diseases, worn-out brain workers, weakened constitutions, and for those who are suffering from poverty of blood and pulmonary difficulties. The more climbing the patient can do, according to his strength the more rapid is his improvement."

According to a discovery made by Professor Shief, of Florence—a discovery which has been pushed beyond him by many others—it was found that it was quite enough to touch the nostrils of a horse, simply passing the fingers along the sides of the nose, to stop the activity of his heart and respiration, and to stop consciousness in a measure. He did not find, but left another to find it, that interchange between the tissues and the blood is also stopped. It is well known now that most of these men who succeeded in quieting violent horses put their fingers to that part, and sometimes inside the nares. Merely touching these parts may produce the same effect; pressing hard has more effect. It is not essential that the application be made there, as a pressure of the lip may do the same thing. In some animals—rabbits and guinea pigs—if we pass needles into their chest and heart, so as to judge of respiration and circulation, we find that we stop the circulation as we press the lips or part of the cheek. It is not that the poor creature is frightened as when we deprive them partially of their consciousness, as almost altogether, by the use of chloroform, the same phenomena occur. There is a very curious fact mentioned by Catlin, who travelled in the west, and wrote two volumes on the Indians. He states that the calves of the buffalo, if they are caught, and the air from the lungs of a man is strongly breathed into their nostrils, will become so fascinated by that peculiar influence, that they will run after the horse of the hunter, and follow him five or six miles. It is said, and Mr. Catlin affirms it, that in Texas, or in other parts of the country where there are wild horses taken by the lasso, if the hunter, in taking hold of their nostrils, forcibly breathes into the nostrils of the horse, he will follow him and become perfectly tame.

We find in the *Revue Scientifique* a notice on Dr. Ewald Hecker's *Physiology and Psychology of Laughter and the Ludicrous*, which is not without general interest. The author begins by examining laughter caused by tickling, and explains it by a contraction of the mesenteric vessels, the lungs, and the interdigital membranes, an effect which may be equally produced by a mustard plaster or by a sudden application of hot water. Dr. Hecker thinks, likewise, that the motions of the diaphragm in laughing are intended to remedy the disturbance caused in the brain by the contraction of the vessels of circulation, the thoracic cavity being thereby enlarged. Dr. Dumont, the author of the article before us, does not accept this explanation and is of opinion that it is applicable to anguish rather than to laughter. A threat to tickle often causes cachinnation more than the act itself, and that cannot be a consequence of mere association of the idea of laughter with that of tickling, for in that case the person would laugh with less intensity, yet the contrary is the case. Tell an irritable person you are going to pinch him at a given place and moment; he will not laugh if he feels the sensation at the time, and in the way predicted, but if you merely perform the pantomime of pinching without giving effect to the act, the person will immediately laugh. Dr. Dumont has made some experiments on the subject. Thus:—(1) When we draw a finger uniformly and in the same direction along the skin of another person, there will be no laughter, nor is there any tickling sensation; (2) if we touch repeatedly on the same place the person will not laugh, provided the intervals of time be equal, but he will if they be unequal; (3) the same will occur if, the intervals of the time being equal, the direction of the touches be unexpectedly changed; (4) if there be no interruption in the contact, laughter may be produced either by varying the quickness of the motion or by changing its direction repeatedly; (5) when one tickles one's self, one never laughs. In short, there is something more than the mere touch in this excitement; both direction and rapidity appear to play a part in it. To this must be added, in many cases, a deception or an expectation deceived and the phenomenon then pertains to psychology.

THE FOSTER-MOTHER.—From the Picture by L. Verdyen.

1.—House Dress.

4.—Toilette de Reception. (With Basque Bodice.)

2.—Promenade Toilette.

3.—Camel's Hair Costume.

5.—Toilette de Reception. (With Sleeveless Jacket.)

FALL FASHIONS

WHAT TO READ.

It is very hard, says a writer in the New York *Tribune*, for boys and girls between 10 and 20 to believe what older people tell them concerning the selection of reading matter. If a book is interesting, exciting, thrilling, the young folks want to read it. They like to feel their hair stand on end at the hairbreadth escapes of the hero, and their nerves tingle to the ends of their fingers at his exploits, and their faces burn with passionate sympathy in his tribulations—and what harm is there in it? Let us see what harm there may be. You know very well that a child fed on candy and cake and sweetmeats soon loses all healthy appetite for nutritious food, his teeth grow black and crumble away, his stomach becomes deranged, his breath offensive, and the whole physical and mental organization is dwarfed and injured. When he grows older he will crave spices and tobacco and alcohol to stimulate his abnormal appetite and give pungency to tasteless though healthful food. No man who grows up from such childhood is going to have the first positions of honour and trust and usefulness in the community where he lives. The men who hold those positions were fed with milk and bread and meat when they were young and not with trash.

Now, the mind like the body grows by what it feeds upon. The girl who feeds her brain with silly, sentimental, love-sick stories grows up into a silly, sentimental, lackadaisical woman, useless for all the noble and substantial work of life. The boy who feeds on sensational newspapers and exciting novels has no intellectual muscle, no commanding will to make his way in the world. Then, aside from the debilitating effect of such reading, the mind is poisoned by impure associations. These thrilling stories have always murder or theft, or lying or knavery, as an integral part of their tissue, and boys while reading them live in the companionship of men and women, of boys and girls, with whom they would be ashamed to be seen conversing, whom they would never think of inviting to their houses and introducing to their friends, and whose very names they would not mention in polite society as associates and equals. Every book that one reads, no less than every dinner than one eats, becomes part and parcel of the individual, and we can no more read without injury an unwholesome book or periodical than we can eat tainted meat and not suffer thereby. Just as there are everywhere stores full of candy and cake, and liquor and tobacco and spices, so there are everywhere books, newspapers, and magazines full of the veriest trash, and abounding in everything boys and girls should not read. And just as the healthful stomach, passing all these pernicious baits, will choose sound aliment, so the healthful mind will reject the unwholesome literature current everywhere, and select such only as is intrinsically good.

The other day we picked up a popular juvenile weekly, and presently found ourself knee-deep in slang, over our head in vulgar allusion and in the midst of a low-lived metropolitan crowd, where cock-fights, dog-fights, and man-fights were the condiments offered to whet the appetite for reading, and yet we know families where that paper is regularly taken. Do the parents read it? Do they know what company their children are keeping?

But says the young inquirer, What shall we read and how shall we know if books are suitable? Read such books as give you valuable information, histories, travels, and those works of fiction that are approved by people of correct judgment. Our leading magazines contain a vast amount of reading, interesting alike to young and old. Do not read what renders distasteful the ordinary duties of life, or renders vice attractive, or makes you long for an impossible and romantic career. Scott, Cooper, Jules Verne, Washington Irving, will never bring you into impure associations; and a correct taste, once formed and carefully consulted, will enable you to select the good and eschew the pernicious.

"Might I give counsel to any young hearer," says Thackeray in his lecture on Prior, Gay and Pope, "I would say to him, try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great men admired; they admired great things; narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly."

THE SHAH'S DIARY.

The London *Academy* publishes a letter from Teheran containing some account of the Shah's diary which has been published in that city, and tells his Majesty's impressions of his European tour. He does not seem to have been particularly attracted by beautiful women, emperors, kings, or queens, but he was very fond of good living and of seeing negresses, Japanese jugglers, and *cafés chantants*. The book is full of absurdities and blunders; Sir Henry Rawlinson figures as "Lorenson Sahib," and Captain McClintock is described as being "known through his several voyages to the North Pole Islands." On the Vigilant he ate "peaches, white grapes, black grapes, small very sweet melons; the grapes were from hot-houses, and very dear—one bunch of them cost two francs." When travelling past Chiselhurst, which he spells "Sheslhurst," a wheel of a carriage catches fire, and "we were nearly all burnt." "London has some very handsome women," and it is evident that to Englishmen "the Almighty has especially given power and ability, sense, understanding, and education; no wonder they have conquered a country like India and possess considerable colonies in America and other parts of the world" Prince Leopold is "very young and good-looking," and dressed in Scotch costume, which is "a costume in which the knees are bare." "One daughter of the Queen, sixteen years of age, is always in the house, and not yet married." "Her Majesty is fifty, but looks only forty; she has a genial and pleasant countenance." "The people of London think very much of their police; anybody that shows any disrespect to the police must be killed." The Lord Mayor lives in "Cuid Hall," and he and the Shah drank "Tos." At an opera "there was a great crowd; Patti, one of the celebrated English singers, had been expressly brought from Paris; she is a very handsome woman; she took a long price to come to London. There was also Albani, a Canadian, of America, who sang very well and performed well." Of the English he says: "Really, they cordially like me." When going aboard the "Victoria Albert," "if the wheel had touched our boat, which was not the will of God, we should all have been drowned; praise be to God the Almighty, the wheel stopped; we got on deck without further danger." At a concert in Albert Hall "such a crowd nobody has ever seen from the beginning of the world till now."

IN THE BARN.

BY IDA WHIPPLE BENHAM.

"Creak, creak!" the great doors blow apart:
I stand between them in the shade,
And look to see the bright heads start
Out of the cubby-house we made.

Alas, alas! no children here
To help me in my morning's play:
Who is it says 'tis many a year
Since all the children went away?

A warm south wind comes floating through,
With chaff of hay-fields on its wings;
And just outside, in sun and dew,
The very same cicada sings,—

The same we heard, say, yesterday,
Like some great sibyl from afar,
Hushing the rapture of our play
By its shrill prophecies of war.

A very royal place was this,—
The throne-room of our childish play,
Where all the kings and queens of bliss
Came on their coronation day.

You say we lost them long ago,—
The crowns,—and that the realm is drear?
My friend, we never lost them so
But we can always find them here.

It is too still: the very birds
In their clay grottoes overhead
Twit guardedly, as if their words
And ours were better thought than said.

Yet somehow, when the shadows flit
Around me from their elvish wings,
They come like pleasant letters, lit
With messages from other springs!

"Creak, creak!" the great doors blow apart,
Like dusky leaves to greet the noon,
That comes to life and home and heart,
As to the morning, oh, how soon!

NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

PART THE THIRD.

IN VENDÉE.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

FEUDALISM AND REVOLUTION.

V. The Dungeon.

Cimourdain started as one does sometimes under the sudden rush of a flood of thoughts. Sometimes the tide is so high and so stormy that it seems as if it would drown the soul.

Not an echo from the overcharged depths of Cimourdain's heart found vent in words. He could only say, "Gauvain!"

And the two gazed at one another; Cimourdain with his eyes full of those flames which burn up tears; Gauvain with his sweetest smile.

Gauvain raised himself on his elbow, and said:

"That scar I see on your face is the sabre-cut you received for me. Yesterday, too, you were in the thick of that mêlée, at my side, and for my sake. If providence had not placed you near my cradle, where should I be to-day? In outer darkness. If I have my conception of duty, it is from you that it comes to me. I was born with my hands bound. Prejudices are ligatures—you loosened those bonds; you gave my growth liberty, and of that which was already only a mummy, you made anew a child. Into what would have been an abortion you put a conscience. Without you I should have grown up a dwarf. I exist by you. I was only a lord, you made me a citizen; I was only a citizen, you have given me a mind; you have made me, as a man, fit for this earthly life; you have educated my soul for the celestial existence. You have given me human reality, the key of truth, and, to go beyond that, the key of light. O my master! I thank you. It is you who have created me."

Cimourdain seated himself on the straw beside Gauvain and said, "I have come to sup with thee."

Gauvain broke the black bread and handed it to him. Cimourdain took a morsel; then Gauvain offered the jug of water.

"Drink first," said Cimourdain.

Gauvain drank, and passed the jug to his companion, who drank after him. Gauvain had only swallowed a mouthful. Cimourdain drank great draughts.

During this supper, Gauvain ate, and Cimourdain drank; a sign of the calmness of the one and of the fever which consumed the other.

A quietness so strange that it was terrible reigned in this dungeon. The two men were talking.

Gauvain said, "Grand events are developing themselves. What the Revolution does at this moment is mysterious. Behind the visible work stands the invisible. One conceals the other. The visible work is ferocious, the invisible sublime. In this instant I perceive all very clearly. It is strange and beautiful. It has been necessary to make use of the materials of the Past. Hence this marvellous '93. Beneath a scaffolding of barbarism a temple of civilisation is building.

"Yes," replied Cimourdain. "From this provisional will rise the definitive. The definitive—that is to say, right and duty—are parallel; taxes proportional and progressive; military service obligatory; a levelling without deviation; and above the whole, making part of all that straight line, the law. The Republic is the absolute."

"I prefer," said Gauvain, "the ideal republic."

He paused for an instant, then continued; "O my master! in all which you have just said, where do you place devotion, sacrifice, self-denial, the sweet interlacing of kindnesses, love? To set all in equilibrium is well; to put all in harmony is better. Above the scale is the lyre. Your republic weighs, measures, regulates man; mine lifts him into the open sky; it is the difference between a theorem and an eagle."

"You lose yourself in the clouds."

"And you in calculation."

"Harmony is full of dreams."

"There are such, too, in algebra."

"I would have man made by the rules of Euclid."

"And I," said Gauvain, "would like him better as pictured by Homer."

Cimourdain's severe smile remained fixed upon Gauvain, as if to arrest and steady that soul.

"Poesy! Mistrust poets."

"Yes, I know that saying. Mistrust the breezes, mistrust the sunshine, mistrust the perfume of the spring, mistrust the flowers, mistrust the stars!"

"None of these things can feed man."

"How do you know? Thought is nourishment. To think is to eat."

"No abstractions! The Republic is as plain as two and two make four. When I have given to each the share which belongs to him"———

"It still remains to give the share which does not belong to him."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I understand the immense reciprocal concessions which each owes to all, and which all owe to each, and which is the whole of social life."

"Beyond the strict Law there is nothing."

"There is everything."

"I only see Justice."

"And I—I look higher."

"What can there be above Justice?"

"Equity."

At intervals they paused as if glimmering forms passed by them.

Cimourdain resumed: "Particularise; I defy you."

"So be it. You wish military service made obligatory. Against whom? Against other men. I—I would have no military service. I want peace. You wish the wretched succoured; I wish an end put to suffering. You want proportional taxes; I want no tax whatever. I wish the general expense reduced to its most simple expression, and paid by the social surplus."

"What do you understand by that?"

"This: first suppose parasitisms—the parasitisms of the priest, the judge, the soldier. After that turn your riches to account. You fling manure into the sewer; cast it into the furrow. Three parts of the soil are waste land; clear up France; suppress useless pasture-grounds; divide the communal lands. Let each man have a farm, and each farm a man. You will increase a hundredfold the social product. At this moment France only gives her peasants meat four days in the year; well cultivated, she would nourish three hundred millions of men—all Europe. Utilise nature, that wondrous and unappreciated ally. Make every wind toil for you, every waterfall, every magnetic flash. The globe has a subterrancan network of veins; there is in this network a prodigious circulation of water, oil, fire. Pierce those veins; make this water feed your fountains, this oil your lamps, this fire your hearths. Reflect upon the movements of the waves, their flux and reflux, the ebb and flow of the tides. What is the ocean? An enormous power allowed to waste. How stupid is earth not to make use of the sea!"

"There you are in the full tide of dreams."

"That is to say of full reality.

Gauvain added, "And woman? what will you do with her?"

Cimourdain replied, "Leave her where she is; the servant of man."

"Yes. On one condition."

"What?"

"That man shall be the servant of woman."

"Can you think of it?" cried Cimourdain. "Man a servant? Never! Man is master. I admit only one royalty - that of the fireside. Man in his house is king!"

"Yes. On one condition."

"What?"

"That woman shall be queen there."

"That is to say, you wish man and woman"———

"Equality."

"Equality! Can you dream of it? The two creatures are different."

"I said equality; I did not say identity."

There was another pause, like a sort of truce between two spirits exchanging rays of light. Cimourdain broke the silence: "And the offspring? To whom do you consign them?"

"First to the father who begets, then to the mother who gives birth, then to the master who rears, then to the city that civilises, then to the country, which is the mother supreme, then to humanity, which is the great ancestor."

"You do not speak of God?"

"Each of those degrees—father, mother, master, city, country, humanity—is one of the rungs in the ladder which leads to God."

Cimourdain was silent.

Gauvain continued: "When one is at the top of the ladder, one has reached God. Heaven opens—one has only to enter."

Cimourdain made a gesture like a man calling another back. "Gauvain return to earth. We wish to realise the possible."

"Do not commence by rendering it impossible."

"The possible always realises itself."

"Not always. If one treats Utopia harshly, one slays it. Nothing is more defenceless than the egg."

"Still it is necessary to seize Utopia, to put the yoke of the real upon it, to frame it in the actual. The abstract idea must transform itself into the concrete; what it loses in beauty, it will gain in usefulness; it is lessened, but made better. Right must enter into law, and when right makes itself law, it becomes absolute. That is what I call the possible."

"The possible is more than that."

"Ah! there you are in dreamland again!"

"The possible is a mysterious bird, always soaring above man's head."

"It must be caught."

"Living."

Gauvain continued: "This is my thought: Constant progression. If God had meant man to go backwards, He would have placed an eye in the back of his head. Let us look

always toward the dawn, the blossoming, the birth; that which falls encourages that which mounts. The cracking of the old tree is an appeal to the new tree. Each century must do its work; to-day civic, to-morrow human. To-day, the question of right; to-morrow, the question of pay. Pay and right—the same word at bottom. Man does not live to be paid nothing. In giving life, God contracts a debt. Right is the inborn payment; payment is right acquired."

Gauvain spoke with the earnestness of a prophet. Cimourdain listened. Their rôles were changed; now it seemed the pupil who was master.

Cimourdain murmured, "You go rapidly."

"Perhaps because I am a little pressed for time," said Gauvain, smiling. And he added, "O my master! behold the difference between our two Utopias. You wish the garrison obligatory, I the school. You dream of man the soldier; I dream of man the citizen. You want him terrible; I want him a thinker. You found a republic upon swords; I found"———

He interrupted himself, "I would found a republic upon minds."

Cimourdain bent his eyes on the payment of the dungeon, and said, "And while waiting for it, what would you have?"

"That which is."

"Then you absolve the present moment?"

"Yes."

"Wherefore?"

"Because it is a tempest. A tempest knows always what it does. For one oak uprooted, how many forests made healthy! Civilization had the plague, this great wind cures it. Perhaps it is not so careful as it ought to be. But could it do otherwise than it does? It is charged with a difficult task. Before the horror of miasma, I understand the fury of the blast."

Gauvain continued:

"Moreover, why should I fear the tempest if have my compass? How can events affect me if I have my conscience?"

And he added in a low, solemn voice:

"There is a power that must always be allowed to guide."

"What?" demanded Cimourdain.

Gauvain raised his finger above his head. Cimourdain's eyes followed the direction of that uplifted finger, and it seemed to him that through the dungeon vault he beheld the starlit sky.

Both were silent again.

Cimourdain spoke first.

"Society is greater than Nature. I tell you, this is no longer possibility, it is a dream."

"It is the goal. Otherwise of what use is Society? Remain in Nature. Be savages. Otaheite is a paradise. Only the inhabitants of that paradise do not think. An intelligent hell would be preferable to an imbruted heaven. But no—no hell. Let us be a human society. Greater than Nature? Yes. If you add nothing to Nature, why go beyond her? Content yourself with work like the ant; with honey like the bee. Remain the working drudge instead of the queen intelligence. If you add to Nature, you necessarily become greater than she; to add is to augment; to augment is to grow. Society is Nature sublimated. I want all that is lacking to beehives, all that is lacking to ant-hills—monuments, arts, poesy, heroes, genius. To bear eternal burthens is not the destiny of man. No, no, no; no more pariahs, no more slaves, no more convicts, no more damned! I desire that each of the attributes of man should be a symbol of civilisation and a patron of progress; I would place liberty before the spirit, equality before the heart, fraternity before the soul. No more yokes! Man was made not to drag chains, but to soar on wings. No more of man reptile. I wish the transfiguration of the larva into the winged creature; I wish the worm of the earth to turn into a living flower and fly away. I wish"———

He broke off. His eyes blazed. His lips moved. He ceased to speak.

The door had remained open. Sounds from without penetrated into the dungeon. The distant peal of trumpets could be heard, probably the reveille; the butt-end of muskets striking the ground as the sentinels were relieved; then, quite near the tower as well as one could judge, a noise like the moving of planks and beams; followed by muffled, intermittent echoes like the strokes of a hammer.

Cimourdain grew pale as he listened. Gauvain heard nothing. His reverie became more and more profound. He seemed no longer to breathe, so lost was he in the vision that shone upon his soul. Now and then he started slightly. The morning light which lay in the pupils of his eyes grew brighter.

Some time passed thus. Then Cimourdain asked, "Of what are you thinking?"

"Of the Future," replied Gauvain.

He sank back into his meditation. Cimourdain rose from the bed of straw where the two were sitting. Gauvain did not perceive it. Keeping his eyes fixed upon the dreamer, Cimourdain moved slowly backward toward the door and went out. The dungeon closed again.

VI.—When the Sun rose.

Day broke along the horizon. And with the day, an object, strange, motionless, mysterious, which the birds of heaven did not recognise, appeared upon the plateau of La Tourgue and towered above the forest of Fougères.

It had been placed there in the night. It seemed to have sprung up rather than to have been built. It lifted high against the horizon a profile of straight, hard lines, looking like a Hebrew letter or one of those Egyptian hieroglyphics which made part of the alphabet of the ancient riddle.

At the first glance the idea which this object roused was its lack of keeping with the surroundings. It stood amid the blossoming heath. One asked oneself for what purpose it could be used? Then the beholder felt a chill creep over him as he gazed. It was a sort of trestle having four posts for feet. At one end of the trestle two tall joists, upright and straight, and fastened together at the top by a cross-beam, raised and held suspended some triangular object which showed black against the blue sky of morning. At the other end of the staging was a ladder. Between the joists, and directly beneath the triangle, could be seen a sort of panel composed of two movable sections which, fitting into each other, left a round hole about the size of a man's neck. The upper section of this panel slid in a groove, so that it could be hoisted or lowered at will. For the time, the two crescents, which formed the circle when closed, were drawn apart. At the foot of the two posts supporting the triangle was a plank turning on hinges, looking like a see-saw.

By the side of this plank was a long basket, and between the two beams, in front and at the extremity of the trestle, a square basket. The monster was painted red. The whole was made of wood except the triangle—that was of iron. One would have known the thing must have been constructed by man, it was so ugly and evil-looking; at the same time it was so formidable that it might have been reared there by evil genii.

This shapeless thing was the guillotine.

In front of it, a few paces off, another monster rose out of the ravine—La Tourgue. A monster of stone rising up to hold companionship with the monster of wood. For when man has touched wood or stone, they no longer remain inanimate matter; something of man's spirit seems to enter into them. An edifice is a dogma; a machine an idea. La Tourgue was that terrible offspring of the Past, called the Bastille in Paris, the Tower of London in England, the Spielberg in Germany, the Escurial in Spain, the Kremlin in Moscow, the Castle of Saint Angelo in Rome.

In La Tourgue were condensed fifteen hundred years—the middle ages—vassalage, servitude, feudality; in the guillotine, one year—'93, and these twelve months made a counterpoise to these fifteen centuries.

La Tourgue was Monarchy; the guillotine was Revolution. A tragic confronting!

On one side the debtor, on the other the creditor.

On one side the inextricable Gothic complication of serf, lord, slave, master, plebeian, nobility, the complex code ramifying into customs; judge and priest in coalition, shackles innumerable, fiscal impositions, excise laws, mortmain, taxes, exemptions, prerogatives, prejudices, fanaticism, the royal privilege of bankruptcy, the sceptre, the throne, the regal will, the divine right;—the other, a unit—the knife.

On one side the knot; on the other the axe.

La Tourgue had long stood alone in the midst of this wilderness. There she had frowned with her machicolated casements, whence had streamed boiling oil, blazing pitch, and melted lead; her oubliettes paved with human skeletons; her torture-chamber; the whole hideous tragedy with which she was filled. Rearing her funereal front above the forest, she had passed fifteen centuries of savage tranquillity amid its shadows; she had been the one power in this land, the one object of respect and fear; she had reigned supreme; she had been the realisation of barbarism, and suddenly she saw rise before her and against her something (more than a thing—a being) as terrible as herself—the guillotine.

Inanimate objects sometimes appear to be endowed with strange eyes. A statue observes, a tower watches, the façade of a building contemplates. La Tourgue seemed to be studying the guillotine. It seemed to be asking itself about it. What was that object? It looked as if it had sprung out of the earth. It was from there, in truth, that it had risen.

The evil tree had budded in the fatal ground. Out of the soil watered by so much of human sweat, so many tears, so much blood—out of the earth in which had been dug so many trenches, so many graves, so many caverns, so many ambuscades—out of this earth wherein had rolled the countless tyrannies—out of this earth spread above so many abysses wherein had been buried so many crimes—terrible seeds—had sprung on a destined day this unknown, this avenger, this ferocious sword bearer, and '93 had said to the old world: "Behold me!"

And the guillotine had the right to say to the dungeon. "I am thy daughter."

And, at the same time, the tower—for those fatal objects possess a low vitality—felt itself slain by this newly risen force.

Before this formidable apparition La Tourgue seemed to shudder. One might have said that it was afraid. The monstrous mass of granite was majestic, but infamous; that plank with its black triangle was worse. The all-powerful fallen trembled before the all-powerful risen. Criminal history was studying judicial history. The violence of bygone days was comparing itself with the violence of the present; the ancient fortress, the ancient prison, the ancient seigniory where tortured victims had shrieked out their lives; that construction of war and murder, now useless, defenceless, violated, dismantled, uncrowned, a heap of stones with no more than a heap of ashes, hideous yet magnificent, dying, dizzy with the awful memories of all those bygone centuries, watched the terrible living Present sweep up. Yesterday trembled before to-day; antique cruelty acknowledged and bowed its head before this fresh horror. The power which was sinking into nothingness opened eyes of fright upon this new-born terror. Expiring despotism stared at this spectral avenger.

Nature is pitiless; she never withdraws her flowers, her music, her joyousness, and her sunlight from before human cruelty or suffering. She overwhelms man by the contrast between divine beauty and social hideousness. She spares him nothing of her loveliness, neither butterfly nor bird. In the midst of murder, vengeance, barbarism, he must feel himself watched by holy things; he cannot escape the awful reproach of universal nature and the implacable serenity of the sky. The deformity of human laws is forced to exhibit itself naked amid the dazzling rays of eternal beauty. Man breaks and destroys; man lays waste; man kills; but the summer remains summer; the lily remains the lily; the star remains a star.

Never had a morning dawned fresher and more glorious than this. A soft breeze stirred the heath, a warm haze rose amid the branches; the forest of Fougères, permeated by the breath of hidden brooks, smoked in the dawn like a vast censer filled with perfumes; the blue of the firmament, the whiteness of the clouds, the transparency of the streams, the verdure, that harmonious gradation of colour from aquamarine to emerald, the groups of friendly trees, the mats of grass, the peaceful fields, all breathed that purity which is Nature's eternal counsel to man.

In the midst of all this rose the horrible front of human shamelessness; in the midst of all this appeared the fortress and the scaffold, war and punishment; the incarnations of the bloody age and the bloody moment; the owl of the night of the Past and the bat of the cloud-darkened dawn of the Future. And the flowering and scent-giving creation, loving and charming, and the grand sky golden with morning spread about La Tourgue and the guillotine, and seemed to say to man, "Look at what I do, and what you are doing." Such a searching use does the sun make of his light.

This spectacle had its spectators.

The four thousand men of the little expeditionary army were drawn up in battle order upon the plateau. They enclosed the guillotine on three sides in such a manner as to form about it the shape of a letter E; the battery placed in the centre of the longest side made the notch of the E. The red monster was enclosed by these three battle fronts; a sort of wall of soldiers spread out on two sides to the edge of the plateau; the fourth side, left open, was the ravine, which seemed to frown at La Tourgue.

These arrangements made a long square, in the centre of which stood the scaffold. Gradually, as the sun mounted higher, the shadow of the guillotine grew shorter on the turf.

The gunners were at their guns; the matches lighted.

A faint blue smoke rose from the ravine—the last breath of the expiring conflagration.

This cloud encircled without veiling La Tourgue, whose lofty platform overlooked the whole horizon. There was only the width of the ravine between the platform and the guillotine. The one could have parleyed with the other. The table of the tribunal and the chair shadowed by the tri-coloured flags had been set upon the platform. The sun rose higher behind La Tourgue, bringing out the black mass of the fortress clear and defined, and revealing upon its summit the figure of a man in the chair beneath the banners, sitting motionless, his arms crossed upon his breast. It was Cimourdain. He wore, as on the previous day, his civil delegate's dress; on his head was the hat with the tri-coloured cockade; his sabre at his side; his pistols in his belt. He sat silent. The whole crowd was mute. The soldiers stood with downcast eyes, musket in hand—stood so close that their shoulders touched, but no one spoke. They were meditating confusedly upon this war; the numberless combats, the hedge-fusillades so bravely confronted; the hosts of peasants driven back by their might; the citadels taken, the battles won, the victories gained, and it seemed to them as if all that glory had turned now to shame. A sombre expectation contracted every heart. They could see the executioner come and go upon the platform of the guillotine. The increasing splendour of the morning filled the sky with its majesty.

Suddenly the sound of muffled drums broke the stillness. The funeral tones swept nearer. The ranks opened—a cortege entered the square and moved toward the scaffold.

First, the drummers with their crape-wreathed drums; then a company of grenadiers with lowered muskets; then a platoon of gendarmes with drawn sabres; then the condemned—Gauvain. He walked forward with a free, firm step. He had no fetters on hands or feet. He was in an undress uniform and wore his sword. Behind him marched another platoon of gendarmes.

Gauvain's face was still lighted by that pensive joy which had illuminated it at the moment when he said to Cimourdain, "I am thinking of the Future." Nothing could be more touching and sublime than that smile.

When he reached the fatal square, his first glance was directed towards the summit of the tower. He disdained the guillotine. He knew that Cimourdain would make it an imperative duty to assist at the execution. His eyes sought the platform. He saw him there.

Cimourdain was ghastly and cold. Those standing near him could not catch even the sound of his breathing. Not a tremour shook his frame when he saw Gauvain.

Gauvain moved towards the scaffold. As he walked on, he looked at Cimourdain and Cimourdain looked at him. It seemed as if Cimourdain leant for support upon that clear look.

Gauvain reached the foot of the scaffold. He ascended it. The officer who commanded the grenadiers followed him. He unfastened his sword and handed it to the officer; he undid his cravat and gave it to the executioner.

He looked like a vision. Never had he seemed so handsome. His brown curls floated in the wind; at that time it was not the custom to cut off the hair of those about to be executed. His white neck reminded one of a woman; his heroic and sovereign glance made one think of an archangel. He stood there on the scaffold lost in thought. That place of punishment was a height too. Gauvain stood upon it, erect, proud, tranquil. The sunlight streamed about him till he seemed to stand in the midst of a halo.

But he must be bound. The executioner advanced, cord in hand.

At this moment, when the soldiers saw their young leader so close to the knife, they could restrain themselves no longer; the hearts of those stern warriors gave way.

A mighty sound swelled up—the united sob of a whole army. A clamour rose: "Mercy! mercy!"

Some fell upon their knees; others flung away their guns and stretched their arms towards the platform where Cimourdain was seated. One grenadier pointed to the guillotine, and cried, "If a substitute will be taken, here am I!"

All repeated frantically, "Mercy! mercy!" Had a troop of lions heard it, they must have been softened or terrified; the tears of soldiers are terrible.

The executioner hesitated, no longer knowing what to do.

Then a voice, quick and low, but so stern that it was audible to every ear, spoke from the top of the tower—

"Fulfil the law!"

All recognized that inexorable tone. Cimourdain had spoken. The army shuddered.

The executioner hesitated no longer. He approached, holding out the cord.

"Wait," said Gauvain.

He turned towards Cimourdain, made a gesture of farewell with his right hand, which was still free, then allowed himself to be bound.

When he was tied, he said to the executioner—

"Pardon; one instant more."

And he cried, "Long live the Republic!"

He was laid upon the plank. That noble head was held by the infamous yoke. The executioner gently parted his hair aside, then touched the spring. The triangle began to move—slowly at first—then rapidly—a terrible blow was heard—

At the same instant another report sounded. A pistol shot had answered the blow of the axe. Cimourdain had seized one of the pistols from his belt, and, as Gauvain's head rolled into the basket, Cimourdain pierced his own heart by a bullet. A stream of blood burst from his mouth; he fell dead.

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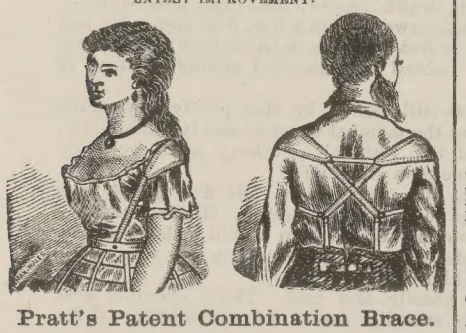

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